THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN, OR THE HISTORY OF CHRISTOPHER CRAB, Esq; OF NORTH WALES.

Nonnunquam ex Acido Dulce germinat.

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the MANUSCRIPT of this Book was firſt ſhewn to the *intended* Publiſher, he ſhook his Head and threw it upon the Table with an Air of Contempt, the Moment he caſt his Eyes upon it. So ſudden a Determination, on a Work of which he had not read a ſingle Line, naturally created great Surprize in the Author; who began to ſuſpect that, ſome how or other, this Bookſeller had ſeen or heard of it before, though he could not gueſs by what Means. But upon aſking the Queſtion, this notorious Midwife to the Muſes anſwered in the Negative. 'No, Sir, ſays he, the Title, 'the Title is enough for me—I never 'look any further—the Title of a Book 'is like the Title of an Eſtate; if they 'are not good, no Body will purchaſe 'them. I have known the firſt Edition of a Book with a taking Title 'diſpoſed of by the Trade, before any 'one knew what it was about. Indeed 'it was brought out at the Beginning

'of

' of the Month, and had three full
' Weeks to run before the Reviewers
' had an Opportunity to criticiſe and
' condemn it. This ſhews you, Sir,
' what a good Title will do. If the
' Book I have been ſpeaking of had
' had any Merit, it would have bore
' ſix Editions at leaſt. But this of yours
' will never do. I would adviſe you
' to change the Title, and call it, *The*
' *genuine Memoirs of the celebrated Lord*
' A—— *and Lady* B——: *in which*
' *are introduced the curious Anecdotes and*
' *ſecret Amours of Lady* C——, *com-*
' *piled from Materials furniſhed by the*
' *Parties themſelves.*

When this ingenious Gentleman had finiſhed what he had to ſay, the Author put his Book in his Pocket, and replied to him in that equivocal Manner that left him in Doubt whether the Author would alter the Title or not, though he really meant only to change his Publiſher.

To

To comment upon ſo glaring an Abſurdity would be ridiculous; and even the bare Recital of ſuch a Circumſtance may appear too triffling to the *literary* Reader; but to thoſe who are unacquainted with the Craft of ſome modern Editors, it may not be altogether unacceptable.

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THE HISTORY OF CHRISTOPHER CRAB, ESQ;

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

Containing a Short Account of the CRAB FAMILY.

THERE are, no Doubt of it, many Readers in all Countries, who pore over Books and take infinite Pains to fix the Chronology and aſcertain the Dates of Events and

Things, which they would not give themſelves the leaſt Trouble to enquire after, if they had not happened two or three Thouſand Years ago. To theſe Gentlemen, I can eaſily ſuppoſe, a long and elaborate Account of the Crab Family would be both agreeable and intereſting; but to the Generality of Readers I humbly conceive it would be as unentertaining as a German Pedigree or the 10th Chapter of *Geneſis*. I ſhall therefore be very ſhort and confin'd in what I am going to ſay relative to the Origin and Anceſtors of Mr. *Chriſtopher Crab*, the Subject of this Hiſtory.

Be it known then, that the Fore-Fathers of Mr. *Crab* were like the Fore-Fathers of almoſt every Family in *Europe*, ſome good, ſome bad, in one Gene-

Generation they enjoyed immenſe Riches and univerſal Eſteem—in another, Poverty and Contempt; in many Reigns they were ſo low and obſcure as not to be known at all—in as many others, they held the firſt Offices in the State, and receiv'd every honorary Diſtinction that Majeſty could heap upon them. Such has always been the fluctuating State of the *Crab* Family, that Rags and Wretchedneſs, Splendor and Profuſion, were at different Times their different Portions.

The Father of our *Chriſtopher* ſeem'd to be in the Situation *Hagar* wiſh'd for; he had neither Poverty nor Riches. He was indeed a Shop-keeper at a certain Town in North *Wales*, where he acquired Money enough to bring up his only Child *Chriſtopher* in any

Way he ſhould moſt approve of. Mr. *John Crab* (the Father) tho' illiterate, had good natural Parts, and was what the World calls a ſhrewd Man. He had frequently obſerv'd with Concern the Inconveniencies and Inſults to which the Want of a better Education made him liable; and particularly at this Time he was provoked beyond Meaſure to find himſelf every Club-Night ſneer'd at and ridiculed by the Curate of the Pariſh, the Son of a neighbouring Tallow-Chandler who had beggar'd himſelf to keep his Son at the Univerſity. However this Dabler in Tallow had now the Happineſs of ſeeing his Son arrive at the Dignity of being Curate of the Pariſh of——— with an Income of thirty Pounds *per Annum* clear of all Deductions, and which he may probably enjoy for Life.

But

But here it is proper to obſerve that Mr. *Crab* had all along treated the Cauſe of the Tallow-Chandler's Indigence with the Contempt it deſerved, and expreſſed his Surpriſe that ſuch low Fellows ſhould have the Aſſurance to breed their Sons up Gentlemen. So that it was not to be wondered at that the young Prieſt ſhould upon his return from the Univerſity, revenge his Father's Quarrel. Nor is it more ſurpriſing that the Curate's Triumph in the literary Way over Mr. *Crab*, ſhould determine the latter to make his Son a Scholar at all Events,

CHAP. II.

The Character of Mrs. Crab, and other curious Matters related.

NO, ſays Mr. *Crab*, as he ſat filling his Pipe by his own Fireſide, no, they ſhan't catch me at the Club again I can aſſure them. And yet 'tis hard, d——d hard that I muſt not go where I like, becauſe of that pragmatical Puppy of a Parſon. O fie, my Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*. But before I tell the Reader what Mrs. *Crab* ſaid upon this Occaſion, I will let him a little into her Character.

Mrs. *Crab* was the ſeventh Daughter of 'Squire *Williams*, a Gentleman who did

did once poſſeſs a conſiderable Eſtate in that Neighbourhood, but he had reduc'd it to a third Part of it's original Value by making a fruitleſs Oppoſition to the Knight of the Shire for the County at three ſucceſſive general Elections. This Conſumption of the Family Eſtate proved a mortifying Circumſtance to the young Ladies who were now obliged to walk to Church every *Sunday*, after having been conſtantly carried thither in their Father's Coach and Six. The laying down his Equipage was too oſtenſible a Mark of the 'Squire's Neceſſity to be overlooked by the Country People. The Report flew and gathering as it went proclaimed Mr. *Williams*'s total Ruin for many Miles round. And O! cruel Reverſe of Fortune! the very Clodpoles, the Farmer's Servants who were

wont to ſtand bare-headed with reverential Awe when any one of the Family approached, had now the Impudence to ſtare them full in the Face, and with their coarſe Ribaldry mock at their Misfortunes as they paſs'd along. Humiliating as this brutiſh Behaviour muſt be to the young Ladies, they had Reſolution enough to bear up againſt it, and keep one another in Countenance; but the Certainty they had that the Father would leave the poor Remains of the Eſtate to the Male Heir to keep up the Family, occaſion'd ſerious Reflections in them all, and was indeed the only Thing that could have reconciled Miſs *Fanny Williams* to the ſelf-debaſing Thought of marrying Mr. *John Crab*, a country Shopkeeper, whom ſhe moſt heartily deſpiſed.

Neceſſity

Neceſſity got the better of Inclination, and Miſs *Williams* married Mr. *John Crab:* But tho' they were pair'd, they were not match'd, nor was it probable that any Degree of Happineſs or even Harmony ſhould ſubſiſt between ſuch a Couple. For if Mrs. *Crab* too frequently reproached her Huſband with the Honour ſhe had done him in making him her Spouſe, he as often reminded her that he took her without a Penny of Fortune. In one of theſe pleaſant Humours were they both when Mr. *Crab* was filling his Pipe and meditating on the diſagreeable Situation he was in at the Club, and Mrs. *Crab* interrupted him as has been mention'd at the Beginning of this Chapter, and which I will now reſume, but it ſhall be in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A Converſation between Mr. Crab *and his Wife.—A new Character introduced, &c.*

O Fie, my Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, as I am a Gentlewoman, (an Expreſſion ſhe often uſed) you ſhock me beyond Meaſure.—Swear before a Lady! one may eaſily gueſs what Sort of Company your Club conſiſts of, and I'm very glad to hear you are determined to go no more amongſt them. But there is another Thing. I ſee you have got a Pipe and, that filthieſt of all Weeds, Tobacco before you; I hope Mr. *Crab* you don't think of ſmoking in my Parlour? if you muſt needs

needs indulge yourſelf in this beaſtly Cuſtom, do it in your Shop, for I can not allow it here. Zounds Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, (having promiſed before Marriage to call her Madam whenever he ſpoke to or of her) muſt I neither ſmoke abroad nor at Home? 'ſblood, is not this my own Houſe? did not I purchaſe it with my own Money? and ſhan't I do what I pleaſe in it, Madam? No, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, poſitively no, my Dear, (ſpeaking in that calm Manner which is very apt to produce a Storm in the Perſon it is ſpoken to) but don't put yourſelf in a Paſſion, you know it was agreed before we were made one Fleſh (yawning) that I was to have my Way in every Thing, and I'm ſure you would not be worſe than your Word, my Dear. Here Mr *Crab* mutter'd ſoftly to himſelf, *One Fleſh! I believe*

lieve you are a Part of that Swine's Fleſh that the Devil enter'd into. Mrs. *Crab,* who only catch'd the Words *the Devil entered,* replied, my Dear how can you be ſo rude? you ſee it is Capt. *Gorget;* how could you talk of the Devil's entering?

It was the Captain ſure enough, and he came very opportunely, as he had often done before, to prevent a more violent Rupture. This old Officer had ſerved many Years with great Reputation—he was as brave as he was unfortunate—tho' he had often deſerv'd the golden Chain, he came off with the wooden Leg only at laſt. But he had acquired what made him more valuable to all that knew him, the Art of pleaſing, or rather the Art of making People pleaſed with themſelves.

He

He had great Knowledge of the World, and his long Acquaintance with Adverſity taught him to meet future Diſappointments with a cheerful Countenance. He was affable, good natured and obliging.

Such was the Man whom Providence kindly plac'd in Mr. *Crab*'s Family. For the Captain's Age and Infirmities rendering him unfit for longer Service, he was permitted to go out upon his Pay as a Reward for all his Toil and Sufferings; and having ſought an Aſylum in ſome cheap Part of this Iſland he fixed his Abode at——— truſting, as he well might, to his own Abilities to procure Happineſs and Content wherever he came.

He had now lodged and boarded with

with Mr. *Crab* about two Years, and paſſed his Time very agreeably, which the Reader may be a little ſurpriſed at, upon a Suppoſition that the coarſe Behaviour of Mr. *Crab* muſt ill ſuit with the good Breeding and Civility of the Captain. But it had quite a contrary Effect. The Loftineſs and affected Delicacy of Mrs. *Crab*'s Manner, contraſted by Mr. *Crab*'s Rudeneſs and Vulgarity, afforded no ſmall Matter of Entertainment, and their frequent Bickerings furniſhed the Captain with Opportunities of ſhewing his Dexterity in the Art of reconciling Friends and conciliating Differences: A Talent that at the ſame Time it carries with it a moſt pleaſing Senſation to the human Heart, gives the Poſſeſſor a remarkable Superiority over thoſe on whom it is exerciſed.

The

The Entrance of Captain *Gorget* into the Parlour did not in the leaſt interrupt the Altercation that was going on between Mr. and Mrs. *Crab*. The Captain had been too often Witneſs of their domeſtic Strife to be treated with Ceremony upon thoſe Occaſions; Mrs. *Crab* therefore avail'd herſelf of his Appearance, hoping that he would determine the Matter in Diſpute in her Favour, as his natural Politeneſs had ever inclined him to ſupport the Cauſe of the fair Sex when it was not inconſiſtent with Juſtice and Propriety. Captain, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, you are come at a lucky Moment to convince my Huſband of the Reaſonableneſs of my Requeſt. I'm ſure you will be of my Opinion, which is, that no Gentleman ſhould either ſwear or ſmoke Tobacco. Madam, anſwered the Captain,

your

your Converſation was ſo loud that I could not avoid overhearing what paſſed before I came into the Room, and I am ſorry to ſay that my Sentiments do not intirely agree with yours. Mr. *Crab*, it ſeems, has been driven from his Club by the Impertinence of a young Pedant who knows not his Place in Life, and he now ſeeks for that Recreation at Home which he can no longer enjoy Abroad. It is your Intereſt, Madam, to encourage this Reſolution in him, and to contribute every Thing in your Power to make the Change agreeable. Swearing is geneerally the Reſult of Anger and Diſappointment; and the learned ſay, that Nothing tends ſo much to calm the Paſſions, and ſmooth the rugged Path of Life, as a Pipe of Tobacco. In ſhort Madam, ſays the old Gentleman

man ſmiling, do you but conſent to Mr. *Crab*'s ſmoking, and I will be anſwerable for his leaving off ſwearing.

Mrs. *Crab*, tho' ſhe was not very well pleaſed with the Captain's Decree, gave a Nod of ſeeming Approbation, took up one of the Candles, wiſhed them a good Night, and retired to her Chamber. She had ſcarce got out of the Room before Mr. *Crab*, looking over his left Shoulder towards the Door, and extending his right Arm, gave the Captain a hearty Squeeze by the Hand, ſaying, a thouſand Thanks, a thouſand Thanks to you, noble Captain, this is a great Point gained. Then filling his Pipe, he ſmoked away moſt manfully, whilſt the Captain finiſhed the Battle of *Fontenoy*, which he had began that Day after Dinner.

CHAP. IV.

A Deſcription of two Schoolmaſters—One of them choſen to have the Care of Maſter Crab.

MR. *Crab*, coming off victorious in this laſt Engagement with his Wife, was reſolved to purſue good Luck, and to ſtrike another Stroke while the Iron was hot.

He had before determined to make his Son a Scholar, and he now mentioned his Deſign to the Captain and Mrs. *Crab*. The firſt highly approv'd of his Plan, and the laſt could not help

conſenting to it, though with a bad Grace. So Maſter *Kit*, having compleated his ſixth Year, was to be ſent forthwith to what is called a Free-School, that is a School where all People are at Liberty to ſend their Children upon paying only double the Price that is demanded at any other.

Upon caſting about in their Minds and conſidering to what Place they ſhould ſend the Boy, two public Schools preſented themſelves for their Choice. They were both equal in Diſtance from their Town, and pretty nearly ſo in Reputation, reſpecting the Number of Boys and the Quality of their Parents; but there was a very material Difference between the Characters and Diſpoſitions of the two Maſters who preſided over them. Mr

Smith made it a Rule never to inflict corporal Puniſhment upon his Boys. Mr. *Johnſon* never inflicted any Thing elſe. Mr. *Smith* found out Methods to make them aſhamed of their Faults. Mr. *Johnſon* made them aſhamed of Nothing, and afraid of every Thing. One behaved like an Eaſtern Tyrant, The other like the Father of his People. But Mr. *Crab* thought Mr. *Smith* was not ſufficiently ſtrict with his Scholars, and Mrs. *Crab* was quite out of Patience with the Severity of Mr. *Johnſon*, declaring *as ſhe was a Gentlewoman*, that no Perſon ſhould whip a Child of her's without her Knowledge and Approbation. The Debate grew warm, and they were obliged to refer it as uſual to the Captain, who delivered his Opinion in theſe Words:

It is a long Time, ſays he, (taking out his Snuff-box, which was made of a Goat's Horn, and rubbing it with the Palm of his right Hand) it is a long Time ſince I was at School, yet I remember every Thing that paſſed as well as if it was but yeſterday. And as I often look back with Pleaſure on thoſe happy Days; I have reflected ſometimes with Concern on the Difficulties School-Boys are under in being oblig'd to learn from a Maſter who has neither Time nor Opportunity to know or even gueſs at the Capacities of perhaps five Boys in three Hundred that are under his Care; the Conſequence of which is, that one Boy ſhall be praiſed and rewarded, for having made an Exerciſe that gave him little or no Trouble, and another puniſh'd ſeverely, becauſe he has racked his Brains to

no

no Manner of Purpoſe. But if I am to determine the Matter in Diſpute, I muſt join with Mrs. *Crab* in giving the Preference to Mr. *Smith*. For I can never ſuppoſe that Genius is to be whip-ed into a School-Boy, or Honeſty into a Foot-Soldier; and I have always look'd upon the Experiment as an Indignity to human Nature.

If Mr. *Crab* was not altogether pleaſed with the Deciſion of the Captain, Mrs. *Crab* ſhewed evident ſigns of Satisfaction, and plumed herſelf on a Victory gained over her Huſband. Maſter *Crab* was however equip'd for School with all poſſible Expedition. On the Morning of his Departure, the Captain, who was very fond of the Boy, beckened him to the Parlour Window, and ſlipping half a Crown in-

to his Hand, bid him be a good Boy 'till he ſaw him again. The Child's Gratitude overflow'd at his Eyes; and the Captain, not being Proof againſt an Attack of that Kind, feigned a ſlight Indiſpoſition, and made an awkard Retreat to his Chamber.

CHAP. V.

The Wonderful Effects of Love, exemplified in two extraordinary Marriages.

IT was not neceſſary 'till now to tell the Reader that 'Squire *Williams* had never ſeen his Daughter Mrs. *Crab* ſince ſhe was married; nor had any of

her Sisters vouchsafed to visit or take the least Notice of her. But this was chiefly owing to the Influence and Power Miss *Williams* the Eldest had over the other five. She had receiv'd her Education at a *London* Boarding-School, where her leisure Hours were employed in reading Novels and Romances, amongst which her Favourite *Cassandra* had so wrought upon her Mind and intoxicated her Understanding, that she fancied herself and behaved like the *Roxana* of *North Wales*, giving her Sisters the different Names of *Statira*, *Parisates*, *&c. &c.* as she thought best suited with their Persons and Dispositions. The two Brothers, who were Twins, and whose coming into the World had carried their Mother out of it twelve Years before, were likewise to act a Part in this romantic

Scene

Scene. But it was no eaſy Matter to ſettle the Point of Precedency between them, being both Candidates for *Alexander* the Great, they quarrelled and fought almoſt every Day for the Superiority, 'till at laſt it was ſettled by the modern *Roxana* that they ſhould both perſonate *Alexander* and *Darius* by Turns. But the moſt ridiculous Circumſtance of all was, that a little Brook which ran at the Bottom of their Father's Garden was chriſtened by the pompous Name of the River *Euphrates*.

Such Princes and Princeſſes, the Wonder and Admiration of all the known World— ornamented with the Riches of the Eaſt, and ſitting on the Banks of the River Euphrates, *with the City of* Babylon *on their right Hand and the magnificent*

Tent

Tent of Darius *on the Left; whilſt conquer'd Kings and their ill-fated Queens lie proſtrate in Captivity before them.* Could it be expected, I ſay, that theſe very Mortals who, in their own Imaginations, were worſhiped by the People, ſhould condeſcend to acknowledge a Shopkeeper's Wife for a Relation? No, that was too humiliating. And yet, O dire Diſgrace! O Stain to Royalty! this peerleſs Princeſs *Roxana* was at this Time ſhot thro' the Heart by the blind Boy with a burning Taper, and fell deſperately in Love with that Son of a Tallow-Chandler the Curate; the ſame who had driven her Brother in Law Mr. *Crab* from his nightly Club. The Lady's Flame rag'd with ſuch Violence, that Nothing but Matrimony, (no uncommon Extinguiſher for Love) could quench it.

The

The Ceremony was performed with the utmoſt Privacy, but her Highneſs was obliged to conſummate at a lonely thatched Cottage, to avoid being diſcovered.

When Captain *Gorget* had heard this ſtrange Account, he turned up his Eyes, took out his Horn Box, and giving it three Raps upon the Lid, by Way of beſpeaking the Attention of the Company, Ay, Ay, ſays he, this Lady is the very Counterpart of my old General, they are as like as a Brace of Halberds. I ſhall never forget him, ha! ha! ha!. You muſt know the General was a great Man for Quality; he never talked of any Thing elſe, and if his Friends expreſſed their Surpriſe that ſo accompliſh'd a Man ſhould live ſingle ſo long, he told them it was his

own Fault, for he had refuſed many fine Women with great Fortunes, becauſe he was determined never to marry any Woman that had not a Title. However the good General thought proper at laſt to change his Reſolution; for at the Age of Sixty-five, he conceiv'd a Paſſion for my Serjeant's Daughter, and the young Slut, having more Cunning than Chaſtity, managed Matters ſo artfully, that the General laid aſide all Rank and Diſtinction, and married this Spawn of a Napſack without the leaſt Shame or Confuſion.

CHAP. VI.

Scandal excuſable in a Country Town—A Reconciliation between Mr. Williams *and his Daughter* Crab—*Deſcription of a Country Apothecary.*

IT is their Diſtance from the Capital is the Cauſe that Scandal prevails ſo much in Country Towns; they have no freſh circulating Intelligence, nor intereſting Events to entertain them. The Mind of Man muſt be employed on ſuch Objects as preſent themſelves to his Underſtanding; and it is not at all wonderful that a ruined Reputation, or even a horrid Murder

ſhould

ſhould furniſh Matter of Amuſement, where there is Nothing better to ſpeculate upon. The Reader will therefore very naturally ſuppoſe that Miſs *Williams*'s unfortunate Marriage became the Subject of Converſation, within a certain Diſtrict, for many Months together. It was a delicate Morſel that did not happen every Day, and it was very eagerly devoured. The Affair was variouſly diſcuſſed, and the Opinions differed according to the different Ranks and Conditions of thoſe that gave them. But as moſt People are fond of being thought to know the Cauſe and ſecret Springs of Action, and love a good Story better than a true one, it was not unpleaſant to obſerve by what unaccountable Ways they would account for this extraordinary Wedding: Some ſaid

that

that Miſs *Williams*'s Pride had drove her mad, and that ſhe would have married a Foot Soldier if he had come in her Way; others that the Curate dealt in the Black Art, and had given her Love-Powder. But the better Sort, and thoſe who pretended to more Wiſdom than their Neighbours, found out that the young Parſon had contracted an Intimacy with a Nobleman at the Univerſity, who had promiſed to make him a Biſhop, which 'Squire *Williams* knew, and had conſented to their being privately married. But to none of theſe Cauſes was the aforeſaid Event owing. And if Mankind were not ſo induſtrious to acquire a Character, which they ought to be aſhamed of, that of an artful Man, there would have been no Occaſion to go out of the common Road for an Explanation of this

this Buſineſs. *Miſs* Williams *married Mr.* Barnes *the Curate, becauſe ſhe loved him.*

The Flight of young *Barnes* could not be diſagreeable to Mr. *Crab*, as it left him at Liberty to frequent his old Club again as uſual. Nor was the diſgrace of Miſs *Williams* at all diſpleaſing to Mrs. *Crab*, who now triumph'd in her Turn, and looked down with a diſſembled Pity on the deſperate Situation of the poor Curate's Wife. But their Attention at this Time was call'd off by an Object of a more ſerious Nature, which prevented, at leaſt for the preſent, the full Gratification of their Reſentment.

It has been ſaid before that Mr. *Williams* never had ſeen Mrs. *Crab* ſince

ſince her Marriage; and it was thought, as ſhe was his favourite Daughter, that the Reſtraint he laid upon himſelf, by a raſh Reſolution never to ſee her more, had brought on a nervous Complaint, which the preſent Defection of his eldeſt Daughter did not fail to increaſe. He was therefore preſſed and prevailed on by his Friends to ſee Mrs *Crab*, in hopes the Sight of her might comfort and alleviate the Anxiety of his Mind. The Perſon pitched upon by Mr. *Williams* to announce his Forgiveneſs to Mrs. *Crab*, was Mr. *Trundle*, the Apothecary to the Family. Mr *Trundle* was originally a Foot-Boy to a Gentleman of *Ireland*, who viſited *London* once in two or three Years, to ſettle his Accounts with the Treaſury. In one of theſe Expeditions, *Jack Trundle*, being a ſharp Lad, began to look

out for a Place by which he might better himſelf, as they call it, and hearing of a Chemiſt in the City that wanted an Errand-Boy, he hired himſelf to him, and quitted his Maſter without giving any Notice. He had not been more than two Years in this Service, before his Maſter, obſerving his Vivacity and unembarraſſed Countenance, employed him as his Rider; the Nature of which Buſineſs is, to take Orders from the Country Apothecaries for Medicines which they engage to furniſh, notwithſtanding their travelling Expences, *&c.* at one third leſs in Price than they can be *fairly* made for in *London*. *Jack*, (I beg Pardon) Mr. *Trundle*, in a Journey thro' *North Wales*, coming to this Town, heard that the principal Apothecary of the whole Country was juſt dead; he

ſet

ſet Spurs to his Horſe, found out the Landlord of the deceaſed before any Body had applied, took the Houſe, and put out a Board, on which was written in Letters of Gold, *John Trundle, Apothecary, Surgeon and Man-midwife from London*; and then he began immediately to kill for himſelf.

I have given this ſhort Sketch of his Character, as I may have Occaſion to ſay more of this worthy Practitioner hereafter. His Perſon was thick and ſhort, but his Portrait has been already moſt exactly delineated by that excellent Artiſt *Hogarth*, in the ſixth Plate of his Marriage A-la-mode.

CHAP. VII.

Mr. Trundle *visits Mrs.* Crab—*A Converſation between them, proper to be read by all young Apothecaries who wiſh to ſucceed in the World.*

MR. *Trundle* made all the Haſte he could to Mr. *Crab's*, to deliver the Meſſage he had received from Mr. *Williams*. He neither ran nor walk'd, but his Pace was ſomething between both; a Kind of Trot which thoſe Animals the *London* Chairmen conſtantly make uſe of. He carried his Hat in his Hand, that he might not diſcompoſe a white Horſe-Hair Bob Wig, the Bottom of which, from its

its natural Stiffneſs, projected in a Horizontal Direction about ſix Inches from his Neck. When he arriv'd at Mr. *Crab*'s Houſe, the conſequential Air he aſſumed upon his entering the Room, ſufficiently declared the Importance of his Embaſſy before he ſpoke a Word. He took a Chair without being aſked to ſit, and placing it by Mrs. *Crab*, and himſelf upon it, Madam, ſays he, I give you Joy. Of what, pray, Mr. *Trundle*? ſays Mrs. *Crab*. Of your Father's Forgiveneſs, Madam, anſwer'd he. I am very glad to hear it, ſays Mrs. *Crab*. Yes, ſays he, (ſtroking his Chin) I have brought it about at laſt, and your Company is expected at the *Rock* (the Name of Mr. *Williams*'s Houſe) this Afternoon. I am extremely oblig'd to you, Sir, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, (tho' ſhe knew he had no Hand

in the Reconciliation) this was very kind of you indeed, Mr. *Trundle*. Ay, ay, ſays he, I love to make People Friends, if I can. You know, Madam, (winking upon Mrs *Crab*) I was always a great Favourite with the old Gentleman; no Wonder, I have kept him alive (putting his Hands on his Sides) by Art, theſe ſix Years. If Doctor, you know who, (winking again) had been concerned for him, it would have been another Story— he would not have known what ailed him now, (ſqueezing her by the Hand.) I believe ſo truly, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, to humour him. But, ſays he, I had a tight Piece of Work on't, I can aſſure you, to get him to conſent to ſee you. You know, Madam, ſome People have Methods of doing Things that others never can find out—not that I pretend

to

to more Knowledge than my Neighbours, but I verily think that no Man in *England* could have done this Buſineſs but myſelf. You are certainly right, Mr *Trundle*, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, but pray what is your Opinion of my Father's Health? Do you think him in any immediate Danger? Why really, Madam, ſays he, I don't know well what to ſay to that. The 'Squire is not young, and this ſame Wedding of your Siſter's has done him no good. I ſhall never forget the old Gentleman when he firſt heard it. How unfortunate am I! ſays he; What a Thunderclap is this to my old Age? that ſhe ſhould throw herſelf away upon a little Curate! O! what a Happineſs it had been, my dear *Trundle*, if ſhe had fix'd her Affections upon thee; but that would have been too great a Bleſſing.

In this Manner, Madam, continued Mr. *Trundle*, will your Father go on ſometimes for an Hour together, whilſt I ſit ſilently by him without ſaying a ſingle Word till his Paſſion is over. I muſt now take my Leave; for I have a Number of Patients to viſit, and many Letters to write of the utmoſt Conſequence. I hope, Madam, you will not fail——Depend upon it, Sir, (ſaid Mrs *Crab*, interrupting him) I ſhall not be ſo wanting in Duty to my Father, or in Prudence to myſelf, to neglect waiting on him ſince he permits me ſo to do.

The Moment after *Trundle* was gone, Mr *Crab* and the Captain came Home. Well, Madam, ſays Mr *Crab*, I bring you News; your Father——I know it, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, my Father deſires

to

ſee me, Mr. *Trundle* brought me the Meſſage. We met him juſt at the Door, ſays Mr. *Crab*. Ay, ay, ſays the Captain, he ſhot by us like a half ſpent Ball, and was out of Sight preſently, or I would have aſked him the Lie of the Day, for it muſt be allow'd that no Man, either in or out of Trade, has a larger Aſſortment of ready made Lies than the Doctor; and their Excellence conſiſts in being ſo palpable, that no Perſon can be deceiv'd or miſled by them. But I ſhould not chuſe to truſt my Conſtitution in the Hands of this Poiſon-pounder. And yet by his Account, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, my Father thinks him another *Æſculapius*, *Æſculapius*, ſays Mr. *Crab*, who the Devil was he? Why he, ſays the Captain, was a famous Phyſician in Days of yore, whom *Jupiter* ſtruck dead for daring

to bring *Hyppolitus* to Life after he had been torn to Pieces by wild Horſes. But our *Æſculapius Trundle* will never provoke Providence by any impious Preſumption of that Kind: For, ſo far is he from raiſing the Dead, that no Perſon ever pretended to charge him with having prolonged the Life of any Man Living.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Mrs. Crab *visits her Father—An Account of 'Squire* Williams's *Death—The Reader introduced to a new Acquaintance, &c.*

WHEN Mrs. *Crab* arrived at the *Rock*, she entered her Father's House with Fear and Trembling. Like a Criminal who is to receive a Pardon from the Judge, she expected along with it a severe Admonition and Reprimand for past Offences. But how great was her Surprise, to find her Father, instead of the vociferous cholerick Man he was wont to be, so changed, that she should neither have

have known his Perſon or Voice in any other Place. When ſhe firſt advanc'd towards him, he ſtared at her very earneſtly, as at one whom he had not the leaſt Knowledge of. But preſently after, a Smile appear'd upon his Countenance, and he ſeemed to regard her with ſome Signs of Remembrance. At length he ſlid almoſt imperceptibly from the Couch he ſat on, down upon his Knees on the Floor, and immediately placing his two Hands together in a ſuppliant Manner, he caſt ſo piteous a Look on Mrs. *Crab*, that it drew Tears from all the Daughters as they ſtood round him. In re-placing him gently upon the Couch, he took hold of Mrs. *Crab*'s Hand, and having made ſome vain Efforts to raiſe it to his Mouth, he had juſt Strength enough to utter the Words, O my Child, and

departed

departed with the Smile ſtill upon his Countenance.

Tho' Mrs. *Crab* had till this Hour always thought her Father's Behaviour to her ſince her Marriage rather cruel than otherwiſe, the Suddeneſs of his Departure, together with the affecting Manner of it, not only intirely effaced every Reſentment, but plac'd her in the Circumſtance of a Daughter whoſe Undutifulneſs had broke her Father's Heart. Full of theſe tender Sentiments, ſhe reproach'd herſelf a thouſand Times with Want of Attention to him in his laſt Illneſs, which ſhe ſuppoſed might have been got the better of, if proper Advice had been called in. For tho' *Trundle* told her but a few Hours before, that he had kept him alive ſix Years by Art, ſhe plainly

plainly ſaw now, that it was not the *Art of Preſerving Health.*

In this Agitation of Mind was Mrs. *Crab* when ſhe left her Father's Houſe; and as a Companion in Grief is thought to leſſen the Load of it, ſhe could not refrain, in returning Home, from communicating her Thoughts to young *Cork*, the Captain's Servant, who attended her to the *Rock* by his Maſter's Order.

But it is neceſſary I ſhould introduce young *Cork* to the Reader before I go any further.

Young *Cork* was the Son of a Widow, whoſe Huſband was a Corporal in the Captain's Company, and had the Misfortune to be killed at the Battle of *Fontenoy*. The poor Woman appearing

pearing very diſconſolate for the Death of her Huſband, our humane Captain took her into his own Quarters, and was very kind to her. When the War was over, the Regiment was ordered to *Ireland*, and upon its arrival at *Cork*, the poor Widow was brought to Bed of a Boy. Nobody preſumed to gueſs at the Father of the Child, but the Captain ſtood God-father and was at the Expence of bringing him up till he was old enough to be put out, and then he took him into his own Service. The Boy was chriſtened *Cork* from the Place of his Nativity.

Mrs. *Crab*, as I ſaid before, unburthened her Mind to this young Man, and confeſſed all, and even more than all the filial Offences ſhe had been guilty of to the beſt of Parents; to all which

which *Cork* anſwer'd in the affirmative, thinking it would be Arrogance in him to contradict a Lady. But this was not what Mrs. *Crab* wiſhed or deſired. She expected that *Cork* would adminiſter Comfort to her, by blaming the Severity of her Father's Behaviour to her. However when ſhe got Home, Mr. *Crab*, who generally differ'd in Opinion with her, made her ample Amends for *Cork*'s Fault. He flatly denied every Thing ſhe advanced, and by that Means did her a Courteſy when he never intended it.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

More Mortality in Mr. Williams's *Family*—Trundle *in Diſgrace*—*A terrible Battle enſues, which the Captain puts a Stop to by a famous Speech.*

THE Interment of 'Squire *Williams* was ſcarcely ſolemniz'd, before Fortune furniſhed more Work for Maſter *Trundle* in the ſame Family. The Day after the Funeral, the twin Brothers, the two Maſter *Williams*'s were ſeiz'd with an Illneſs, which turn'd out to be the Small Pox. *Trundle* was reckoned by the Lady Bountifuls and old Nurſes of the Place, to be very ſkilful in this Diſeaſe, becauſe he op-

poſed the new-fangl'd cooling Method of treating it; and was a Friend to Sack, Saffron, Tares and Marygolds. It muſt be confeſſed that he gave theſe young Gentlemen conſtant Attendance, and he plied them ſo well all along with the warmeſt Cordials, that in the Afternoon of the ſeventh Day he ſent them both hiſſing hot into the other World; by which he ſhewed his great Diſintereſtedneſs; for if, like many other Practitioners, he had ſuffered them to live to the fourteenth, his Bill for Medicines and Viſits would have been exactly double. But as the greateſt Generals and the moſt renowned Knights have experienced the Cenſure of the Public, whenever they have happened to be unſucceſsful, ſo it fared with our Doctor upon this Occaſion. For the Night after *Trundle* had diſpatched

patched his two Patients, he was attacked at the Club by Mr. *Bond* the Attorney. This *Bond* was one of thoſe Lawyers, who, by their Iniquitous Practices, bring the Profeſſion into Diſrepute, and induce their Clients to give up their natural Rights, rather than diſpute them at the Expence of twice their Value. In his Behaviour, he was keen, ſneering and ſatyrical; envious of all above him, and oppreſſive to thoſe who did not ſhew him that Reſpect and Homage to which he was not intitled. I ſay, *Bond* made an Attack upon *Trundle*; but as he never proceeded directly in any Thing, he choſe to do this obliquely by addreſſing his Diſcourſe to Mr. *Crab*, well knowing that a Handful of Mud thrown forcibly againſt the Wall, will rebound and beſpatter the oppoſite Perſon more

univerſally than if it had been flung immediately at him. As ſoon as Mr. *Crab* entered the Club-Room, *Bond* began with wiſhing him Joy of being now Huſband to one of the Co-heireſſes of 'Squire *Williams*. Yes, ſays he, I think, Mr. *Crab*, you are greatly obliged to our Neighbour *Trundle* here; greatly indeed—there is not one in ten thouſand would have gone ſuch Lengths to ſerve another—he has deſtroyed them Root and Branch, egad, Father and Sons—and nothing but throwing Doublets at laſt would have compleated the Buſineſs—I ſuppoſe, continued he (winking at the ſame Time upon the Tallow-Chandler) this is the Iriſh Method of bringing Ejectments. *Trundle* had heard all *Bond*'s Sarcaſms without being mov'd, 'till he came to the Reflection upon his Country; and then he

reddened

reddened like a Turkey-Cock, which the Whiteneſs of his Horſe-Hair Peruke ſerved in Appearance greatly to augment; at length, Reſentment working in his Stomach like an Emetic, (while Mr. *Crab* was telling *Bond* he was too hard upon the Doctor) out it came in a Torrent, crying 'ſblood and 'ounds, Sir, what do you mean by your Inſinuations againſt my Country? by *Jeſus* there is not a bigger Rogue in all *Ireland* than yourſelf, ſo remember that now. *Trundle* ſaid a good deal more to this Effect, which it would be needleſs to trouble the Reader with. Every one knows that the Word *Rogue*, when ſpoken to an honeſt Man, is always received by him as a fond Expreſſion and Mark of Eſteem; but when addreſſed to a diſhoneſt one, it is quite the Reverſe: It

raiſes his Indignation to ſuch a Degree that he muſt burſt, if he had not Vent. Juſt ſo it operated upon *Bond*; who indulged his Paſſion by diſcharging the Stone Jug, that ſtood before him, Ale and all, full at the Head of *Trundle*, which, coming in a Point-blank Direction, laid his Skull bare for about three Inches. The Doctor, not diſmay'd by the Stream of Blood that flow'd plentifully down his Face, jumpd up inſtantly, and making but one Stride acroſs the long Table, fell upon *Bond* like an enraged Lion, and it was thought, if the Tallow-Chandler had not come to the Lawyer's Aſſiſtance, that *Trundle* would have added one to the Liſt of Murders he had already committed. But Mr. *Crab*, not thinking two to one fair Play, beſides that he ow'd the Tallow-Chandler a Grudge

on

on his Son's Account, joined the three Combatants; whom we will leave for a Moment to ſee what was doing at the other End of the Room.

It happened this Evening that the Captain came along with Mr. *Crab* to the Club; and as he was a Stranger, he had the Honour to be placed next to the Chairman, which was at the upper End of the Room. It ſeems when the Fray firſt began, the Captain ſtood up, and attempted to ſpeak but could not make himſelf heard. However, when the Engagement became more general, that is, when the Tallow-Chandler and Mr. *Crab* came to the Aid of their ſeparate Friends, the Captain, being impeded by his wooden Leg, deſired his next Neighbour to lend him his Arm to get upon the Table.

And now, gentle Reader, if thou haſt ever peruſed *Quintus Curtius*, *Cæſar*'s Commentaries, or the Life of the great *Marlborough*, be ſo kind to recollect ſome Paſſage wherein a magnanimous Hero is directing his Army in the Heat of a Battle, and it will give thee a ſmall Idea of our Captain, mounted on a long Deal Table, and haranguing the Club at the Goat Alehouſe in ———. When the Captain was fairly up, and had balanced himſelf upon his natural and artificial Leg, ſo as to be able to ſtand gracefully without the Help of his Crutch Stick, which he uſed as a General does his Truncheon, Gentlemen, ſays he, repeating it three Times, (as *Cæſar* was wont to ſay, Fellow Soldiers— Country-Men— Citizens) In the Name of God and our good King, what could provoke you to theſe Extremities?

tremities? We did not come here to Quarrel, but to recruit our wearied Spirits after the Fatigues of the Day, with Ale and good Fellowſhip. If you muſt needs fight, go fight the French as I have done. (ſtamping upon the Table with his wooden Leg) The Army wants Soldiers, and that's the Place to ſhew your Courage in. In the mean Time let me beg of you to be Friends—Believe me, I have no Intereſt in aſking it. But be aſſur'd there is more true Spirit ſhewn in forgiving an Injury than in reſenting it. I ſee you are all of my Mind—come here's Love and Friendſhip to us. (drinking) The Company all pledged the Captain, and afterwards departed ſeemingly in good Humour with each other. But *Bond* was overheard whiſpering the Tallow-

Tallow-Chandler and adviſing him to bring an Action againſt Mr. *Crab* for an Aſſault.

CHAP. X.

An Account of young Barnes's *Death—Mrs.* Barnes *miſſing—An Alteration in Mr.* Crab's *Way of living.*

THE Male Heirs of Mr. *Williams* being thus happily remov'd by the Dexterity of *Trundle*; and the Daughters now coming into Poſſeſſion of their Father's Eſtates, real and perſonal, it was expected that Mr. and Mrs. *Barnes* would make their Appearance, in order to receive their proportional

portional Share of the Diſtribution, which it was ſuppoſed they ſtood in great Need of. But they heard nothing of them. And when they applied to Mr. *Barnes*'s Father, the Tallow-Chandler, for Intelligence, he acquainted them that he had a Letter from his Son very lately, in which he inform'd him, that ſoon after his Marriage, the diſtreſſed State of his Circumſtances, together with the haughty Diſpoſition of his Wife, determined him to ſeek for Bread in ſome Foreign Country; that an Opportunity of going Chaplain to the Engliſh Factory at *Conſtantinople* preſented itſelf at that Time, which he gladly embrac'd, and that he thought himſelf very happy in that Station, being now free from the Pangs of Poverty and the Reproaches of an Ambitious Woman.

Old

Old *Barnes* ſaid he knew Nothing of his Daughter-in-Law, but he ſuppoſed they would hear ſoon enough from her; which however did not happen to be the Caſe. For tho' the Family took every probable Method to find her out, even to advertiſing in the *London Gazette*, they could not diſcover any Traces of her, or aſcertain whether ſhe was living or dead. In ſhort they waited ſix, eight, twelve Months and no Tidings of Mrs. *Barnes*; but in the mean Time, there was an Account came from *Conſtantinople* that her Huſband was dead of the Plague. This was no ſooner known than it was generally conjectur'd that *Barnes* had murder'd his Wife, and fled for Sanctuary to *Turkey*; where Vengeance had overtaken him in a miſerable Death. However it was thought proper, and all the Sifters

agreed to it, that Mrs. *Barnes*'s diſtributive Share of her Father's Effects, ſhould be entruſted to Mr. *Crab*, 'till this myſterious Affair ſhould come to Light.

It was lucky for the Daughters that Mr. *Williams* died ſix Months before the Expiration of the Parliament, becauſe he fully intended to ſtand again for the County at the next general Election, which would have coſt eight or ten Thouſand Pounds. As it was, they divided ſeven Thouſand Pounds each, excluſive of the Manſion-Houſe, which the unmarried Daughters were allowed to occupy ſo long as they remained ſingle, or until ſome one of the Family ſhould be in a Situation to purchaſe it at a certain Sum fixed.

Mr.

Mr. *Crab* employed his Wife's Fortune in commencing Partnership with one of the principal Manufacturers at *Birmingham*; by which Means he was enabled to furnish the whole County with Hardware at a lower Price than the other Shop-keepers; so that he grew very opulent in a short Time. The Consequence of this was, that Mrs. *Crab* protested, *as she was a Gentlewoman*, that she would walk no longer; and insisted upon Mr. *Crab*'s bespeaking an Equipage that she might appear at Church and every where else as her Ancestors had done for many Generations. This Proposal was not very well relished by Mr. *Crab*, the more especially as it came rather in the Form of a Demand than a Request: But the Captain supposing a Coach would be very convenient for himself

ſelf as well as the Family, ſtrongly ſupported Mrs. *Crab*'s Claim, and got the Better of Mr. *Crab*'s Obſtinacy.

Mrs. *Crab* had another Point to gain, which was, to have a Footman cloathed in the ſame Livery with *Cork* the Captain's Servant; meaning by this to cut a Figure occaſionally with two Servants behind her Carriage; the Vanity of which ſtruck Mr. *Crab*, and provoked him to ſwear that he would not make himſelf look ridiculous, to gratify her damn'd Pride. So the Captain finding he could not bring the Enemy to capitulate, attacked him by Storm, and carried both Footman and Livery Sword in Hand.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

A Diſpute about the Arms of the Crab *Family—Mrs.* Crab *makes her firſt Appearance in the Coach— Accident upon the Road—And an extraordinary Adventure with Gypſies—Maſter* Crab *brought from School.*

THE Coach was now finiſhed, all to the putting on of the Arms, about which aroſe ſome ſerious Difficulties. Mr. *Crab* had been ſo envelloped in Buſineſs all his Life long, that he had beſtowed very little Time in the Study of polite Literature, and amongſt the reſt, had totally neglected that moſt uſeful and right honourable Science

Science called Heraldry. Nay, ſo extremely ignorant was he in this Reſpect, that he knew not the Arms of the *Crab* Family. He was therefore obliged to write to a Friend in *London*, to get his Arms out of Doctors Commons. But when his Friend came to enquire at the Herald's Office, he found, to his great Surpriſe, that there were two different Families of the *Crabs:* For it was very plain they could not be two Branches of the ſame Family, from the Diſſimilarity of the Arms. For Example, the Arms of one was, three golden Pippins *Argent*; the Creſt, a crooked Crab-Tree, and the Motto, *Avoid Temptation.* The other was, ſix Cockle Shells, *Or*; the Creſt, a Lobſter Rampant, with two Maremaids for Supporters, and the Motto, *Odds Fiſh.*

When this Account came down from *London*, it occaſion'd much Contention between Mr. and Mrs. *Crab*, about the Choice of the Arms. Mr. *Crab* was ſtrenuous for the golden Pippins; ſaying, Madam, if you had any Regard for the Antiquity of my Family, you would make no more Diſputes; don't you ſee plainly that the Apples ſhew our Origin to be as old as *Adam?* Very poſſibly, my Dear, anſwered Mrs. *Crab*, but I would give up two or three thouſand Years with all my Heart, for the Sake of Supporters: Your Pippins have no Supporters, my Dear, and you know I doat upon Supporters. The Captain ſeeing no Likelihood of their coming to a Determination, propoſed an Expedient, by telling them that the preſent Faſhion was to have no Arms at all upon their

their Carriages; nothing but a Cypher; which he thought looked very neat. Beſides, Madam, ſays he, as long as Mr. *Crab* continues in Buſineſs, Supporters, I think, would be rather out of Character. Well, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, I will conſent to the Cypher at preſent, but then I muſt poſitively have Bay Horſes; black are ſo vulgar, my Dear.

Mr. *Grab* made no Objection to this laſt Article, which might have been expected; and the Reaſon was, a Gleam of Œconomy ſhot acroſs him the Inſtant it was mentioned. He conceived a Notion that Bays might anſwer the Purpoſe of Saddle as well as Coach Horſes, and ſo he conſented without the leaſt Heſitation.

When the Coach was ready, and all the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, the firſt Uſe they made of it was to fetch Maſter *Crab* from School. And as he was now to leave it finally, he was likewiſe to loſe the Name of Maſter, as ſoon as he got Home. The Captain had promiſed to accompany Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* in this Journey; for a Journey it muſt be called, being four and twenty Welch Miles acroſs a Country where the Roads are not extraordinary good. Suppoſe then, Reader, the Coach at the Door, and the Coachman, Footman, and *Cork*, all in their new Liveries. Suppoſe alſo (which is natural enough to ſuppoſe) the Neighbours from every Window in the Street ſtaring at it; and laſtly, ſuppoſe Mrs. *Crab*, blythe as a Bird, deſcending by four Steps from the

Street

Street Door, eſcorted by the Captain to the Coach Side, thro' a Croud of Spectators, and follow'd by Mr. *Crab*; I ſay, ſuppoſe all this, and then gueſs what Mrs. *Crab* muſt feel at that very Moment. She literally felt nothing: not even the Step at the Coach Door. The Delirium of Joy was too great to admit of any corporeal Senſation; But alas! this Happineſs did not continue above an Hour: It was interrupted by one of the Wheels taking Fire, which obliged them to get out and walk towards the next Village, whilſt the Damage was repairing. You ſee, Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, as they marched along, you ſee the Uncertainty of all human Felicity. The higher we climb, the giddier we grow; and are in more Danger of falling. And pray, my Dear, ſays

Mrs. *Crab*, pretending not to underſtand him, what may this Riddle mean? Mean, ſays Mr. *Crab*, ſurlily, it means, that if you had rid behind me upon *Badger*, as you uſed to do, there would have been no Wheels to take Fire. That's true, anſwered the Captain, but the Danger of falling would have been greater, ſo that your Allegory does not hold. I don't underſtand your Allegories, not I, ſays Mr. *Crab*, but I know very well I ſhall have a Bill to pay for this curſed Wheel, beſides walking two Miles in Torment with my plaguy Corn.

With this Kind of *agreeable* Converſation did our Travellers beguile the Time, whilſt they were paſſing over a Common, which was bordered on the right Hand by a Wood, from whence

whence iſſued a Swarm of modern Egyptians, now called, from a Corruption of the Word, Gypſies. They immediately accoſted Mrs. *Crab*, who was foremoſt, with the uſual Fortune-telling Cant; but her Mind was too much taken up with her own Equipage, and the Accident that happened to it, to give the leaſt Attention to any Thing they ſaid. Yet, notwithſtanding her Indifference, there was a female Figure amongſt the Crew, at ſome little Diſtance from her, that catched her Eye whether ſhe would or no: And it would have been very extraordinary if it had not. Her Stature was ſomething above the middle Size; her outward Garment, tho' plain, was cut in the eaſtern Stile and Manner, and her Hair was plaited with Straw and Pink Ribbands intermixed; and

the Ends twiſted to a Point at the Top of her Head, where it formed the Shape of a ſmall Crown or Coronet. There was a Grace and Dignity in her Deportment, and a ſort of Majeſty in her Step, that naturally ſuggeſted to the Mind of the Beholder another living *Cleopatra*. Mrs. *Crab* made a Signal with her Hand to ſpeak with her, which ſhe underſtood and complied with, by advancing towards her, not like one who expected to receive Charity, but with all the Pomp and State of a Macedonian Princeſs in an Italian Opera: An Engliſh Boy, who had been changed into an Aſiatic by the Help of Wallnut Leaves, held up her Train, and ſhe was followed by ſix Maids of Honour of the ſame Complexion. But before ſhe approached ſo near to Mrs. *Crab*, that her Features might have been

been examined, one of her Attendants put a Hood upon her Head, which was ſo contrived, that it hid all her Face, except her Eyes and a Part of her Forehead.

When this Queen of the Gypſies came up to Mrs. *Crab*, ſhe took hold of her Hand, and looking her full in the Face, ſaid, Madam, I perceive by your Countenance, that you have no Faith in Fortune-tellers; and that you look upon them as idle Vagabonds, that go about the Country cheating and defrauding ignorant People of their Money, by fair Promiſes and ſpecious Pretences. This in general is too true. But I hope you are not ſo unhallow'd as to diſbelieve, that Providence hath not at all Times, and ſtill continueth, to indue mortal Men

and

and Women with the Gift of Prophecy! The Examples are ſo numerous and well known, that it would be impious to deny it; and I will convince you, before we quit the Spot of Earth on which we now ſtand, that I am one of thoſe Children of Light to whom the Almighty has entruſted this ſecret magic Power.

Mrs. *Crab* ſmiled at the Solemnity with which ſhe pronounced this laſt Sentence. However the mock Queen, diſregarding her Sneer, proceeded thus: If, ſays ſhe, I ſhould begin with ſaying that your Father lived at the *Rock*—that you married againſt his Conſent—that you have ſix Siſters, five unmarried. All this, and ten Times more, you'll ſay, I might have pickt up in the Neighbourhood. But

if

if I ſhould tell you a Circumſtance which you are well ſatisfied no Body could poſſibly know but your eldeſt Siſter and yourſelf, I hope you will not think me an Impoſter any longer. Here the Queen whiſper'd Mrs. *Crab*, who, turning about to the Captain, with a Countenance as red as Scarlet, declared the Woman was a Witch. Be not alarmed, Madam, ſays the Queen, reſuming the Diſcourſe, your Secret is in ſafe Hands, and will remain ſo, if you can keep your own Counſel; tho' I muſt inform you, that your eldeſt Siſter, whom you all thought murdered, is living; the Truth of which will be confirmed by a Letter written with her own Hand, to Mr. *Crab*, your Huſband, wherein ſhe will appoint a Meeting with him on the fifth Day of *February* next, at the

the Crown in *Wrexham*; there to receive her Fortune, which is in his Poſſeſſion.

The Queen having finiſhed what ſhe had to ſay, ſtalked along towards the Wood like the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, leaving Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* as much ſurpriſed as the Prince in the Play. The Captain indeed was only ſurpriſed (as he ſaid) that the Woman ſhould march off without deſiring to have her Hand croſſed with a Piece of Silver, according to Cuſtom; but Mr. *Crab* did not omit to put down the fifth of *February* in his Pocket-Book.

The Coach now overtaking them, to the great Joy of Mr. *Crab*, who was Corn-ſick, they got in and purſued their Journey, at the End of which

which they arrived in the Evening, when they found Master *Crab* perfectly well, and the next Morning they return'd Home, without meeting with any Accident or Incident worth relating to the Reader.

End of the First Book.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

A Short Diſcourſe on Children—How far they may be ſaid to derive their Diſpoſitions from their Parents—Mr. Chriſtopher Crab *an Inſtance to the Contrary.*

HOW many, various, and contradictory are the Opinions concerning the Tempers and Diſpoſitions of Children being dependent on and proceeding from thoſe of their immediate

diate Parents? If we will believe ſome, it matters not to the Child whether the Father be a Fool or a Philoſopher, provided the Mother is ſenſible and prudent. Others, taking the Brute Creation for their Guide, will tell you, that it is not neceſſary a Woman or a Mare ſhould have any particular Qualities for Breeding; if they are well made, it is ſufficient. The Faculties of the Offspring will depend on the Blood of the Father. But there is another Claſs of People who lay it down for a Rule, that all Boys take after their Fathers, and all Girls after their Mothers; and really I cannot help thinking there is ſome Reaſon for this Opinion, if we conſider, that Children, as ſoon as they are capable of receiving Information, are taught to believe that their Parents are

all

Excellence, and that they cannot do better than to follow their Examples in every Thing. However we all muſt allow it is no uncommon Thing to ſee a Child differ *toto Cœlo* in every Reſpect, both from Father and Mother, without the latter's being in the leaſt ſuſpected of playing her Huſband falſe. Young Mr. *Crab* was an Inſtance of this Kind. He did not inherit a ſingle Particle of his Father's ſurly Severity, or his Mother's ridiculous Pride. On the contrary, he was ſo remarkably affable and courteous, that many People were ill-natured enough to ſay he could not be a *genuine Crab*; tho' his Mother's Character was never called in Queſtion, unleſs the Tongue of Scandal ſhould interpret to her Diſadvantage, what the Gypſie-Woman whiſpered in her Ear, becauſe ſhe

 bluſhed

bluſhed when ſhe heard it. I don't know how this Circumſtance may appear to the Reader, but I think it incumbent on me, as a faithful Hiſtorian, ſolemnly to declare, that no Proof of Mrs. *Crab*'s Criminality was ever attempted to be brought againſt her. However it is very certain that Mr. *Chriſtopher Crab* had no Reſemblance of either Father or Mother. All the while he was at School, his Humanity was ſo great, that he ſuffer'd as much for other Boy's Faults as for his own; being unable to ſee the Puniſhment inflicted without partaking of the Pain. The torturing of Inſects, and ſuch like puerile Incitements to more ſerious Murders, he held in Abhorrence; and I have been told that he was whipt once for ſtealing away a Butcher's

Butcher's Knife, in hopes of ſaving the Life of an innocent Lamb.

This Humane Diſpoſition inclined him to enquire, in a more par icular Manner, after the Health of his Father's Friends and Relations, every Time he came Home from School. And as he could not help obſerving, that all thoſe People who were afflicted with any Illneſs, ſeldom or ever ſurvived it; it naturally led him to ſuppoſe, that there muſt be ſome Neglect or Want of Skill in the Perſon whoſe Care they were under. To ſay the Truth, *Trundle* did great Execution in the Town: The Plague under proper Regulations would not have carried off more of the Inhabitants.

Theſe Conſiderations created a

Concern in young Mr. *Crab* for the Misfortunes of his Fellow Creatures, and at the ſame Time an earneſt Deſire of aſſiſting them, which he communicated, as he did almoſt every Thing, to his good Friend and Counſellor, the Captain. The Captain ſimpathis'd with his young Pupil in his Feelings for the Diſtreſſed, and ſaid to him, my dear *Kit*, as you are ſoon to go to *Oxford*, where you will be at Liberty to purſue any Branch of Learning you like beſt; I would adviſe you by all Means to ſtudy Phyſic: For tho' you will have a Gentleman's Fortune, and need not follow any Profeſſion for a Livelihood, yet it will be a comfortable Reflection to you hereafter, my dear Boy, that you have made yourſelf a uſeful Member of Society, and that you did not, like the Generality

of

of young Gentlemen, paſs your Time at the Univerſity in nothing but Idleneſs and Debauchery.

The Captain's Propoſal made the young Man's Heart flutter with Joy, and gave a Crimſon Tint to his Complexion, that heighten'd the natural Beauty of his Countenance. In ſhort, he had been meditating on the ſame Thing, and only wiſhed it might meet with the Captain's Approbation. He departed ſoon afterwards for *Oxford*, with leſs Anxiety at leaving his Friends than he would have done, if this Circumſtance had not happened.

CHAP. II.

Mr. Crab *receives an Appointment from Mrs.* Barnes— *Meets her— Mrs.* Barnes *gives a ſhort but extraordinary Account of herſelf.*

ACcording to the Prediction of the Ægyptian Oracle, Mr. *Crab* received a Letter from Mrs. *Barnes*, appointing a Meeting with him to receive her Fortune, at the ſame Place, and on the very ſame Day that the Gypſie-Woman had foretold.

In this Letter ſhe requeſted that Mr. *Crab* would come alone, for ſome particular Reaſons, with which ſhe would acquaint him when they met.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Crab* and the other Sisters, to whom the Hand-writing of Mrs. *Barnes* was well known, all confirmed the Authenticity of the Letter. But the Captain was of a different Opinion, he believed it to be the Forgery and Contrivance of evil disposed Persons, done with an Intention to rob Mr. *Crab* on the Road, when he had so large a Sum of Money about him: And this Conjecture he founded on that Part of the Letter wherein Mr. *Crab* was desired to come alone. What Objection says he to Mr. *Crab*, could Mrs. *Barnes* have to your bringing any Body along with you? To me it is plain enough that the Letter never came from Mrs. *Barnes*. But if you must needs go, I would advise you to let *Thomas* and *Cork* attend you with my Carbine and Pistols, and then you will be

prepared for the worſt that can happen. This Plan was at laſt agreed upon; and on the fifth of *February*, at Eight in the Morning, they ſet off for *Wrexham*.

Mr. *Crab* led the Way upon *Badger*, *Thomas* followed with the Piſtols before him upon one of the Coach-Horſes, and *Cork* with his Carbine brought up the Rear upon the other.

They had twelve Welch Miles to go, which would meaſure ſixteen, and as they were to return the ſame Night, it was neceſſary to put the beſt Foot foremoſt. They did ſo, and arrived by Noon at the Crown in *Wrexham*, where Mr. *Crab* found Mrs. *Barnes* waiting for him.

After the firſt Salutation was over,

Mr.

Mr. *Crab* began with enquiring where and in what Manner ſhe had paſſed her Time for ſo many Years ſince they had ſeen her. It is not many Months, ſays ſhe, ſmiling, ſince you ſaw me, tho' the Diſguiſe I had on, and the Alteration I made in my Voice, prevented your knowing me.

Be not ſurpriſed or ſhocked at what I am going to tell you—I am the Gypſie-Woman you met on the Common: And I am not aſhamed to own, that I have lived many Years with thoſe People you ſaw about me. You can eaſily gueſs at the miſerable Circumſtances in which that vile Man, my Huſband, left me when he went away. You know very well in what Manner I was brought up, and are no Stranger to the Impreſſion which the early read-

ing

ing of the beſt Romances had made upon my Mind. Think then how a Woman like me, who acknowledged no Superior, could bear the ſcornful Treatment that humble Poverty muſt patiently endure. Half diſtracted with my own Thoughts, I marched forth one Day into the Fields, without knowing or caring whither I went, but rather wiſhing the Path I was in might lead to the Habitation of ſome Monſter, that would put an End to my deplorable Life. How far I had gone, or how long I had been in this doleful Reverie, is uncertain; but I was at length rouzed ſuddenly, as it were out of a Dream, and looking about me, I found myſelf ſurrounded by a Swarm of Gypſies, ſome of whom fell upon their Knees before me and called me Queen. I was inſtantly ſtruck with

that

that bewitching Name, and my Heart felt a kindly Warmth that promised future Happiness. I immediately ask'd them whether, if I took up my Abode amongst them, they would treat me as their Queen? They all answered with one Voice, she shall be our Queen. I took them at their Words, and accompanied them to what they called their Settlement, where, the next Day my Coronation was solemnized, according to the ancient Ceremony of the Kings of *Egypt*.

You see, Sir, continued she, I have laid aside my Robes of Royalty to meet you here, but I hope you do not think that the Money you have just paid me, which enables me to live where I please, will incline me to quit a Crown to become a private Gentlewoman,

woman, and a Subject? No, Sir, the Pleaſure of being obeyed has no Equivolent; and I declare that, like *Cæſar*, I would rather be the firſt Perſon in our Forreſt, than the ſecond in the great Metropolis of this Kingdom.

Mrs. *Barnes* pronounced theſe laſt Words with ſuch an Air of Sovereign Authority, that Mr. *Crab* ſaw it would be in vain to perſuade her to change her preſent Condition. He therefore withdrew, and left her Majeſty to the Contemplation of her own ideal Importance.

When he got Home, and had related this extraordinary Adventure, the Captain and Mrs. *Crab* were more aſtoniſhed than ever, and the latter vowed,

vowed, *as ſhe was a Gentlewoman*, ſhe never more would own Mrs. *Barnes* for a Siſter.

CHAP. III.

Mrs. Crab's *Siſters all diſpoſed of— Three by Marriage, and two by Death— An Account of Sir* John Bangham, *one of the Lady's Huſbands.*

THE five maiden Siſters, who had hitherto occupied the Manſion-Houſe at the *Rock*, were ſoon after this, variouſly diſpoſed of and divided. Their Fortunes being aſcertained,

tained, brought many Suitors from greater Diſtances than the Limits of the Neighbourhood; aud the three Eldeſt got Huſbands not unſuitable to their Rank and Condition.

The other two had the Misfortune, on Account of Illneſs, to fall into the Hands of *Trundle*; The Conſequence of which was certain, tho' not ſudden, Death. As two of the three newly married Ladies were now removed to the further Side of the County, and for that Reaſon, had little Intercourſe afterwards with the Reſt of the Family, we ſhall ſeldom have Occaſion to mention them; but the other Siſter, having married Sir *John Bangham*, Baronet, who lived within a ſhort Mile of the *Rock*, will neceſſarily make a Part of our Hiſtory.

Sir

Sir *John Bangham* inherited a good Eſtate from his Father; the annual Income of which he ſpent in the Company of his Tenants and Dependents. His principal Recreations were Hunting, Shooting, Drinking, Cock-fighting, Bear-baiting, Bowling, Boxing, and ſuch like Gentlemanly amuſements.

When he went to School, his Mother gave private Orders to his Maſter not to contradict him, or teaze him to learn his Book if he did not chuſe it. So that it was not ſo much owing to Incapacity as the Want of proper Application, that Sir *John* could not read. But if Nature was niggardly to him in the Faculties of the Mind, ſhe made him Amends in a good Conſtitution and great bodily Strength. His Know-

ledge

ledge of the World was confined to a few Miles round him, for he had never been further from Home than a Fox-chace had carried him; and he knew no more what was doing in the next County to him, than of the daily Occurrences at *Madagascar* or *China*. Within his own District he was as despotic as the Grand Seignior, for he had no Gentleman to contend with, except the Parson of the Parish, with whom he lived in a State of perpetual Warfare.

There were two Causes of Animosity constantly subsisting between Sir *John* and the Parson. In the first Place, Sir *John*, having no Notion of Religion, looked upon all the Clergy as so many Drones, that live by the Labours of other People, without contributing any Thing to the Stock, and

therefore

therefore he would never pay the Tithes 'till the Law obliged him to it. The other Thing was, that the Parſon, who was a Sportſman and a very good Shot, uſed to go out a Courſeing with a Couple of Greyhounds, a ſpringing Spaniel and a Gun. So that what the Dogs could not catch he killed himſelf.

Sir *John* reckon'd this Mode of proceeding downright Poaching, and for that Reaſon, ordered his Dogs to be ſhot. In Return for that Kindneſs, the Parſon put Sir *John* into the Spiritual Court for living in Adultery with one of his Tenant's Wives. And in this Manner did they continue to Perſecute each other, for many ſucceſſive Years.

It was not thought probable that a Man of Sir *John*'s Caſt and Character, would ever obtain any Woman in Marriage, above the Degree of a Chambermaid. But every Objection to the Man was loſt in his Title; and Miſs *Williams* was too much dazzled with the Thoughts of *your Ladyſhip*, to obſerve and conſider, as ſhe ought, the brutal Behaviour of her future Huſband.

CHAP. IV.

A ſhort Chapter, containing little more than the Transformation of a Tradeſman into a Gentleman.

THE Manſion at the *Rock* being now intirely uninhabited, Mrs. *Crab*, who had long meditated a Deſign of living there, whenever ſhe could bring it about, thought this a proper Opportunity to ſound Mr. *Crab* upon the Subject. But as ſhe knew he was not very ambitious of being ſtiled a Gentleman, and that he would not eaſily be induced to quit a very lucrative Buſineſs, merely for the

Honour of being called *John Crab*, Esq; she thought it necessary to Communicate the Affair to her Friend the Captain, and to consult with him upon the Plan of Operations, and the Method of making their Attack.

The Captain proceeded in this Undertaking like a cautious experienced Commander. He carefully reconnoitred the Enemy, and examined well the Ground they were to engage upon; the former of which he found very Strong, and capable of making a vigorous Resistance, and the latter very Disadvantagous to him and his Ally. After he had sat musing for some Minutes, on the Difficulties of this Enterprize, without answering Mrs. *Crab*, he at length drew forth his Horn-Box, and giving it three Raps, the

the usual Signal for Attention, said, It is my Opinion, Madam, that Nothing can justify the Imprudence of attacking an Enemy in their Intrenchments, but the Impossibility of retreating or the Danger of Starving. For though the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* did it often with Success, you are to consider that it was an *English* Army against a *French* one. And between you and I (here the Captain put his Hand up to the Side of his Face, and spoke in a Whisper, tho' no Body was present but Mrs. *Crab*) we had done better without some of those Victories. Not that I mean to depreciate the Fame of these two great military Geniuses; but as the *Dutch* did not contribute their Quota either of Men or Money, the Burden of the War lay chiefly upon poor Old *England*. However

muſt not find Fault with our Superiors in Power, or elſe I could——For God's Sake, Captain, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, what has the Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene* to do with our living at the *Rock*?

Why, ſays the Captain, I muſt acknowledge, Madam, I have wander'd a little from the Subject; but perhaps I am not altogether ſo wide of the Mark as you may imagine. For without putting any ſtrain'd Senſe upon the Matter, we muſt, on this Occaſion, ſuppoſe Mr. *Crab* to be our Enemy: That is, we want to carry a Point which he will oppoſe. And the Queſtion is, How are we to ſet about this Buſineſs? There are but two Ways; one is, to convince him by Treaty or Stratagem, of the Reaſonableneſs of our Demand;

the

the other, to force him into our own Terms, by making this Houſe too hot to hold him. And pray, Sir, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, which Method would you recommend? The moſt lenient, be aſſured, Madam, replied the Captain; I would propoſe, ſays he, that an anonymous Letter ſhould be written to the Partner of Mr. *Crab*, at *Birmingham*, acquainting him that Mr. *Crab* grew tired of Buſineſs, and that a moderate Sum of Money would tempt him to relinquiſh it.

In a Word, Mrs. *Crab* approving of the Captain's Plan, put it in Practice immediately, and the Undertaking was crown'd with Succeſs. Mr. *Crab* accordingly purchaſed the *Rock-Houſe* at the Price before agreed upon, where the CRAB-FAMILY have flouriſhed

ever since, as will appear from the Sequel of this History.

CHAP. V.

Describes Captain Gorget's *Dress, &c. and gives an Account of Mr.* Crab's *first Day's Journey to* Oxford.

I Fancy most of my Readers are by this Time, pretty well acquainted with Captain *Gorget*: But as it is a common Remark *That you may guess at a Man's Mind, by the Manner of his clothing his Body*, I am willing to describe the Captain's Dress, in order to elucidate his Character as much as possible.

The

The Captain's Head, except one bald Spot about the Crown, was covered with his own ſhort grey Hair, which his Man *Cork* twiſted every Morning with a Bit of black Ribband into a Pig-tail of four Inches in length. He had likewiſe a Silver Ringlet proceeding from a large Mole upon his right Cheek. His Hat was in the Kevenbuller Form, having never altered the Cock ſince that Faſhion firſt came up twenty Years before. A Strip of black Silk put twice round his Neck, and tied in a hard Knot before, ſerv'd him for a Cravat. He wore a blue Coat, lapell'd with Braſs Buttons, and a plain Scarlet Waiſtcoat and Breeches. But I muſt not forget to Mention, that he was girt round with a tarniſhed embroidered Belt, that was given him by a Dutch Colonel of Horſe, which

he

he promiſed conſtantly to wear for his Sake. The Shoe and Stocking of the left Leg (he had no right) was always extremely neat and clean. For he uſed to ſay jocularly, that a Man with one Leg, like a Man with one Child, is at leſs Expence in providing for it, than he that has two. This was the Captain's common Every-Day Dreſs; but on ſome particular Occaſions, ſuch as the Birth-Day of the King, or that of *William* Duke of *Cumberland*, for whoſe Fame and Memory he had the higheſt Veneration and Eſteem; on ſuch Days he always put on his Regimentals, which he kept by him for ſuch feſtive Purpoſes. And, what is rather remarkable, the Captain ſeldom fail'd, on the Evenings of thoſe Days only, unleſs he happened to be dead hoarſe, to treat the Company with a

Song;

Song; the Subject of which was generally the Deſcription of ſome Sea or Land Engagement. He was particularly fond of one of *Purcell*'s Songs, that begins thus,

Sing, Sing, all ye Muſes, your Lutes ſtrike around.
When a Soldier's the Story, what Tongue can want Sound?

The muſical Reader need not be told that this Song is very finely ſet for two Voices; but the Captain ſung it by himſelf, to the Tune of *All Joys to great Cæſar*, with great Applauſe. Tho' he never ſung in Form, as I have obſerv'd but on Holiday Nights, he was nevertheleſs a great Hummer; eſpecially in the Gaiety of his Heart, and when all Things went on proſperouſly, you would hear him humming *When a Sol-*

dier's

dier's the Story, &c. from Morning 'till Night. I had almoſt forgot to ſay that he never put on his Regimentals without the Sword he wore at the Battle of *Fontenoy*.

Having finiſhed the Captain's Portrait, I find myſelf much more at my Eaſe. For let the Reader think what he will, I could not help perpetually reproaching myſelf with having hitherto neglected ſo material a Part of this Hiſtory.

Young Mr. *Crab* had been purſuing his Studies at the Univerſity for four Years, with that Degree of Application, that is neceſſary to produce Knowledge and Improvement. In every Account his Father had received from *Oxford*, concerning the Conduct

and

and Behaviour of his Son, he had the Satisfaction of hearing a moſt amiable Character of him; a Circumſtance not a little pleaſing to the Captain, who had frequently foretold, that *Kit Crab* would one Day make an excellent Citizen of the World.

Young Mr. *Crab* had not viſited *North Wales* ſince he firſt went to Colledge, tho' he correſponded regularly with his Father, and ſtill oftner with the Captain.

He paſſed his Vacations in *London*, (according to the Captain's Advice) amongſt the beſt Company, and generally with People older than himſelf. The Time deſtined for his Continuance at the Univerſity, was nearly expired; and as Mrs. *Crab* had never

ſeen

ſeen *Oxford*, ſhe propoſed to her Huſband, that they might go thither to fetch their Son Home. Mr. *Crab* did not at firſt much approve of this Scheme, but recollecting afterwards that they could take *Birminghäm* in their Way, and that he might ſettle all Accounts finally with his late Partner, he agreed to the Propoſal.

The Captain did not wait to be aſked to make one of the Party. He was ſo happy with the Thoughts of ſeeing his Friend *Kit*, that he would not have ſtaid behind to have been made Adjutant General of the Army.

On the tenth of *June*, then, of all Days, the longeſt in the Year, Mr. *Crab* having hired a Pair of Coach-Horſes, that matched tolerably well

with

with his own two, they began their Journey for *Oxford*. That is to ſay, Mr. and Mrs. *Crab*, and the Captain in the Coach, and *Thomas* and *Cork* on Horſeback behind it.

The Weather being fine, and the Errand they were going upon very agreeable to all three, it is natural to ſuppoſe, that every Object they met with on the Road, wore a pleaſing Appearance, and contributed much to ſhorten the Length of their Journey.

The Felon that is dragged ſlowly along from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, goes Poſt in his own Imagination; whilſt the Wretch that is whipt round *Covent-Garden*, thinks it the longeſt Journey he ever took.

Our Friends went no further than *Newport*

Newport in *Shropshire*, the first Day, where they arrived at six in the Afternoon.

They were no sooner shewn into a Room by the Landlord at the Red Lion, than their Ears were saluted by a Trumpet and a Drum. And as an old Hunter pricks up his Ears at the Sound of a Horn, so the Captain was rouzed from his Chair, and his Curiosity brought him to the Window, to know upon what Occasion those two warlike Instruments were employed; when behold upon reconnoitring the Parties, one of whom, the Trumpeter, (who was dressed in a Scarlet Suit with a gold Lace, changed almost to a Copper Colour) the Captain thought he had some Knowledge of; however he waited till the Flourish of the Instruments

ments was over, to hear whether there was to be any Speech made. He was presently put out of Suspence, by the Gentleman in Scarlet, who having removed the Trumpet from his Mouth, and placed it under his left Arm, pronounced with an audible Voice as follows.

Gentlemen and Ladies, this present Evening will be performed, at the Great Room in the White Talbot Yard, the Tragical History of King LEAR and his three Daughters, by a Company of Comedians, who have had the Honour to Perform, with great Applause, before the King and all the Royal Family. The Characters are all new dress'd; and the Part of *Cordelia* to be performed *by a Gentlewoman, being her first Appearance.*

To which, *by Desire*, will be added, *The Devil to Pay*. The Part of *Nell* by the Lady who performs *Cordelia*.

When this Ceremony was over, the Captain threw up the Sash, and beckoning the Spokesman to him, said, I think, Friend, I have seen your Face before; but I cannot call to Mind where. God Bless your Honour, says the Man, I am heartily glad to see your Honour look so well. What, has your Honour forgot poor *James Matcloud*, that lived Servant with Colonel *Vanderblooden* at *Rotterdam*? Ay! ay! *James*, says the Captain, is it thee? But tell me, how came thou by this fine Coat? Very honestly, please your Honour. In the same Manner that your Honour came by that embroider'd Belt. You must know, Sir, that I liv'd with my Master 'till he died; and

and then his Lady (God Almighty bleſs her for it) gave me all his Wearing Apparel. So I came over to *England*, and as I did not know how to diſpoſe of my Cloaths to better Advantage, I ſold them to the Maſter of a ſtrolling Company, and turn'd Actor myſelf.

Well, *James*, ſays the Captain, but who is this Gentlewoman that never performed before? God bleſs your Honour, I did not ſay ſhe never performed before, I ſaid, *Being her firſt Appearance*, meaning here. It is a common Thing at the Theatres-Royal in *London*, to ſay in their Play-Bills, *The Part of* ——— *to be performed by a Gentlewoman, or Gentleman, being their firſt Appearance*, tho' perhaps they have play'd in moſt of the ſtroling Companies in *England*. You know,

your Honour, we cannot do better than follow the Example of the Commanders in Chief, the Managers of the King's Theatres. As to the Gentlewoman that is to play *Cordelia* to Night, it is my Wife, and a very good Hand ſhe is, only the poor Woman's very big with Child at preſent, or elſe ſhe would have danc'd a Hornpipe between the Play and the Farce. This is the firſt Night of our performing in this Town. I hope we ſhall have your Honour's Company? Why look you, Friend *James*, ſays the Captain, I ſhould have had no Objection, if it had happened to have been a Comedy, but theſe Tragedies affect my Spirits too much, and make me unhappy; if it had been the Recruiting Officer, (placing his Cane upon his left Shoulder, like a Firelock) I would have ſaid ſomething to you.

The Recruiting Officer, anſwered *James* eagerly, your Honour ſhall have it. It makes no Difference to us. We intended to play it o' *Wedneſday* next; and we are ready dreſſed for either. I am obliged to thee, *James*, ſays the Captain, for thy Offer, but as you have given out King *Lear*, it would be a Diſappointment to your Audience; ſo (giving him a Crown) I wiſh thee Succeſs, *James*, with all my Heart.

James thanked his Honour a thouſand Times, and marched off, ſounding *Britons ſtrike Home*.

CHAP. VI.

Cork and Thomas go to the Play—A Deſcription of it, and the Accident that very much ſhortened the Performance.

SOON after *James Maccloud* was gone, *Cork* and *Thomas* came and aſked their reſpective Maſters Leave to go and ſee the *Shew*; which the Captain granting, Mr. *Crab* could not decently refuſe; though, as he ſaid, he did not like to encourage Stage Players.

When the two Servants returned from the Play, the Captain had a ſtrong Inclination to hear what *Cork* would

would ſay of it, as he had never ſeen an Exhibition of that Kind before; and as Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* had no Objection, *Cork* was ordered in.

Well *Cork*, ſays the Captain, how did you like the Play? I lik'd it hugely, Sir, ſays *Cork*, the Shew-Folks were all mortal finely dreſs'd, except one, and he was cover'd with Rags: I verily believe he was a downright Madman; but they ſeem'd to be main proud, for they ſpoke to no Soul but one another. Well, *Cork*, ſays the Captain, but what is the Play about? Why, you muſt know, Sir, ſays *Cork*, there's a King, and he has three Daughters, and he has a Mind to leave off being a King, ſo he divides all he has amongſt his three Daughters, only he does not give the youngeſt

any Thing; and in my Mind he was quite wrong, for ſhe had done nothing at that Time to diſoblige him; but he was rightly ſerv'd, for when the two eldeſt Daughters got into their Father's Houſe, they turned him out of Doors in one of the bittereſt Nights that ever was known. And what became of the youngeſt Daughter, ſays the Captain? Why, poor Soul, ſhe was almoſt diſtracted, ſo ſhe went and took on with the ragged Madman that I told your Honour of; but to be ſure ſhe muſt have kept him Company long before, becauſe ſhe was taken in Labour ſoon afterwards. How, *Cork*, ſays the Captain, was the youngeſt Princeſs *Cordelia* taken in Labour? I fancy you muſt miſtake. As I have a Soul to be ſav'd, ſays *Cork*, it's as true as I ſtand here. Aſk *Thomas* elſe,

if

if the Gentleman Trumpeter, that talked with your Honour this Afternoon, did not come from behind the Blanket and tell us ſo; nay, for that Matter, we could hear her plain enough. And ſo the Play ended. Ay, ay, ſays the Captain, laughing, now I recollect, *James* told me th Princeſs was very near her Time. But there was ſomething after the Play, was there not? No, Sir, ſays *Cork*. They told us if this Accident had not happened, they would have ſhewed us the Devil and all his Works.

Here the Captain laughed again, and at the ſame Time gave a Signal which *Cork* underſtood, and he withdrew to the Kitchen, where he told his Tale again, with many more wonderful Circumſtances.

When

When *Cork* was gone, Mr. *Crab*, who knew nothing of the Interview between the Captain and *James Mat-thud*, and being little converſant in Entertainments of this Kind, could not conceive the Meaning of all this. Pray Captain, ſays he, did not *Cork* tell us that the Princeſs was brought to Bed before the End of the Play, tho' ſhe did not appear to be with Child at the Beginning of it; She muſt be a notable Breeder Faith. O fie! Mr. *Crab*, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, how can you be ſo indelicate? *As I am a Gentlewoman*, you ſhock me exceedingly. I was in Hopes when you quitted Trade, you would have chang'd your Ideas and your Language, and have behaved like a Gentleman, but I ſee *what's bred in the Bone*——Zounds, Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, don't tell me, you may ſay what

what you will, but it is impoſſible the Thing could have happen'd; but to be ſure you are wiſer than any Body.

The Captain ſtop'd all further Proceedings by explaining the Affair in a Manner ſatisfactory to both of them, and they went to Bed in tolerable good Humour with each other.

The Captain, whoſe Happineſs encreaſed in Proportion as he drew nearer his dear *Kit*, hummed louder than uſual, his favourite Song, as *Cork* was lighting him up to his Apartment.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

In a Chapter intirely Sentimental.

IN the Morning the Captain was down in the Breakfasting-Room, and had treated his Nose with half a Dozen Pinches of Rappee Snuff, before Mr. *Crab* made his Appearance. When he came, the Captain took him under the Arm, and leading him to the Window, pointed to a Pane of Glass, on which were written some very obscene Lines. I wish, says he, every Man who writes and publishes, for I look upon this to be the worst Species of Publication, because the Innocent

Innocent and Modeſt are unwarily drawn in to read it, without thinking of it; I ſay, if every Man were compelled to put his Name to what he publiſhes, it would put a Stop to this Kind of Ingenuity, as the Author would be ſure to meet with his Deſerts, a good Caneing, or Kicking at leaſt.

For my Part I think it would very much puzzle the learned to prove that Writing has done more Good than Harm in the World. How many Thouſands have ſuffered Death by the controverſial Writings on Religion only! How many Battles, Murders, Maſſacres, and, I might ſay ſudden Deaths have they not been the Cauſe of! 'Tis my Opinion that Ink ſprinkled upon white Paper, by the Help of a Gooſe

Quill

Quill, properly directed, and from thence conveyed thro' the Eyes to the human Brain, is as deadly a Poiſon in ſome Conſtitutions as the white or yellow Arſenic, and—All this may be very true for ought I know, ſays Mr. *Crab* rather abruptly, but I cannot help thinking that Writing has done more Good than Harm. For Inſtance, how would the Accounts between my Partner and me be ſettled without it? Your Accounts, ſays the Captain, Pſhaw.

It muſt be confeſs'd that the Word *Pſhaw* was pronounc'd a little peeviſhly; but I believe there is not a Reader of the leaſt Animation, who will be ſurprized that the beſt natured Man in the World ſhould loſe his Temper upon ſo critical a Conjunc-

ture.

ture. For if we conſider that the Captain was at that Time in a Philoſophical Mood, and perhaps at that very Moment inclining to be ſomewhat Hobbyhorſical, which is a Kind of Seaſoning, the moſt agreeable that can be imagined, to Cogitation: If we ſuppoſe (which cannot well be avoided) that he had arranged an endleſs Number of Volumes in his Imagination, all written profeſſedly to explain but operatively to confound certain Myſteries in Religion and Politicks: And laſtly, if we will allow that the Captain was then ruminating upon and meaſuring in his own Mind the real Good and Evil that had accru'd to Mankind, from the Peruſal of the ſaid Books; I ſay we ſhall not wonder that he was diſpleas'd to be interrupted in the Middle of his Calculation,

lation, by the trivial Accounts of a Country Shopkeeper.

As I ſhould be ſorry that the Captain's Character, either as a Gentleman or a Chriſtian, ſhould ſuffer for having haſtily utter'd that contemptuous Monoſyllable Pſhaw, I hope I have ſufficiently apologized for it, even in the Opinion of the moſt polite and well bred Reader.

And now I think we have been long enough at *Newport*. I will therefore order the Coach to the Door, and ſet off for *Birmingham* immediately.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

In the Chapter of Accidents.

HEY day! ſays Mr. *Crab*, what the Devil is *George* about? I vow to God we ſhall be overturn'd! Lord, my Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, and over they went. This happened within five hundred Yards of the Inn they had juſt left; and tho' no other Miſchief enſued, but the breaking of one of the Side-glaſſes and the Captain's wooden Leg, they were under the Neceſſity of returning to the Red Lyon, to procure a new Leg for the Captain; and the Author is obliged (if he may uſe the Expreſſion) to *proceed back-*

wards in his Hiſtory, which it is hop'd the Reader will excuſe, as it is plainly owing to an Accident that could not be foreſeen.

The Coach was forthwith lifted up, and the Captain lifted into it, Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* choſing to walk back. And here it might be expected that Mr. *Crab* would have exerciſed the Authority of a Maſter, to reprimand *George*, the Coachman, for his Careleſſneſs: But he did no ſuch Thing; and why he did not, will appear preſently.

A Plague of theſe Players, ſays Mr. *Crab*, as he went along, pulling up his Breeches; I thought ſome Devilment or other would befal us. Why what, my Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, have

the

the poor Players done to offend you? What! replied he, why they have been the Cauſe of our being over-turn'd. Ha! ha! ha! as I am a Gentlewoman, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, that's as good a Joke as ever I heard; pray, my Dear, explain this Conundrum of yours? I don't know whether I will or no, Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, but I know it's no laughing Matter, it will coſt me fifty Shillings or three Pounds, to replace the Side-glaſs, and I verily believe that Raſcal *George* turn'd us over on purpoſe, becauſe I would not let him go to the Play laſt Night. O, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, then I ſee the Reaſon why you did not ſcold him. Indeed I think he had a Right to be angry at the Diſapointment, tho' I don't believe he turn'd us over on purpoſe.

When Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* came to the Red Lion, they found the Captain ſeated in an Elbow Chair, with the Landlord (who was a Joiner by Trade) upon his Knees before him, and *Cork* ſtanding at his right Hand, like an Aſſiſtant Surgeon, in an Operation where there is nothing for him to do. In this Situation was our mechanical Innkeeper, taking the exact Meaſure of the Captain for a new Leg, when (a Pox on the Aſſociation of Ideas, which is capable of bringing before us the Circumſtances of an Event that happened ever ſo long before) I ſay then, that this Fracture of the Captain's wooden Leg, brought to his Mind at that Moment, the Time, Place, and Action wherein he loſt his real Leg; and as he was now in the Heat of the Battle, at the Head

of

of his Grenadier Company, he cried out, in an Extacy of Joy, *Well done my brave Boys*, at the ſame Time, with the Stump of his wooden Leg, he gave the operating Landlord ſuch a violent involuntary Kick in the Face, as drove him Head over Heels. The Rage of the Landlord and the calm Surprize of the Captain, recovering from his Reverie, may be eaſier conceiv'd than deſcrib'd; but it was lucky for both of them, that Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* entered the Room juſt at that Period, to prevent further Miſchief. For they found it very difficult to perſuade the Inn-keeper that there was no Harm meant, when he perceived one of the Grinders of the Left-ſide his Jaw was diſlodged by the Severity of the Blow. However, upon the Captain's ſoothing him, and uſing a ſtill more convincing

Argument, which was a Promiſe to pay him double what was agreed upon for the new Leg, the Joiner's Wrath was appeaſed, and he went to Work immediately without lamenting the Loſs of his Tooth.

CHAP. IX.

Mr. Crab *expoſes his Ignorance in Dramatic Writing—The Captain has another Interview with* James Maccloud, *who gives him a Specimen of his Skill in Acting.*

JUST after the Landlord left the Room, Mr. *Crab* went out into the Inn-yard to ſeek for *George* the Coachman, and to talk with him about repairing the Side-Glaſs; but his Attention was taken up by the Appearance of a Man walking backwards and forwards, with his Arms acroſs, in a very diſorderly Manner, for

the Space of a Minute or two; and then, tho' without any Signs of Provocation, he flew like a Madman, upon the poor Oſtler, who was cleaning ſome Coach-Harneſs at the Stable-Door, and ſeizing him by the Collar with both his Hands, he cried out as loud as his Voice would let him,

Villain, be ſure thou prove my Wife
a Whore;
Be ſure of it: Give me the ocular Proof,
Or by the Worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born
a D g,
Than anſwer my wak'd Wrath.

When Mr. *Crab* had heard and ſeen this, he haſtened back to the Houſe, ſaying to himſelf as he went along, the Devil may part you both for me. And as he came into the Room to Mrs.

Crab

Grab and the Captain, here, ſays he, we have got a Madman in the Yard? I wiſh we were well out of this Town. I'm afraid this Fellow will drive in here and do us a Miſchief. I'll bolt the Door. Pray, ſays the Captain, how does the Man behave? Behave! ſays Mr. *Grab*, why he run like a Fury at the Oſtler, and collar'd him; and then he roar'd out, *Villain, be ſure thou prove my Wife a Whore*, and ſuch ſtuff as that. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be hang'd, ſays the Captain, if this ſame Madman be not my Friend *James Mac-cloud*, rehearſing the Part of *Othello*.

Upon Enquiry it turn'd out juſt ſo. And as the Captain could not ſtir out of his Chair for Want of his Leg, he beg'd Mr. and Mrs. *Grab* would permit *James* to be brought into the Room;

Room; which being complied with, *Othello* entered and bowed in the ſame Manner he would have done, if the Senate of *Venice* had been preſent.

James, ſays the Captain, I find you have been rehearſing *Othello* with the Oſtler in the Stable-yard. I deſire you will now give us the Speech in that Play, which has this Line in it,

Farewell the plumed Troops and the big War, *&c.*

I forget how it begins. I'll give it your Honour directly, ſays *James*; ſo without any more Ceremony, he turn'd himſelf round and compoſed his Countenance to expreſs the united Paſſions of Rage and Sorrow, and then whiping out a half dirty Neckcloth from his Coat-Pocket, which was to do the

Office

Office of a white Handkerchief, he began with theſe Words,

I had been happy if the general Camp, Pioneers and all, *&c.*

And went thro' the Speech with *univerſal Applauſe*; that is to ſay, Mr. *Crab*, having never before ſeen any Thing above a Puppet-Shew, was quite Thunder-ſtruck. Mrs. *Crab* was aſtoniſhed to ſee the Captain ſo agitated, and the Captain himſelf was as much affected as if *Garrick* had ſpoken it; which may be aſſerted without any Diſparagement to the Captain's Judgment, or Flattery to *James*'s theatrical Merit; for it was *Othello*'s pompous Farewell to the Army, that ſtruck the Captain, being ſomewhat ſimilar to his own Thoughts, when he was wounded and carried off

the

the Field of Battle; and the Reader knows it is common enough for an Audience to applaud the Author, when they would, if it was poſſible to make the Diſtinction, have hiſs'd the Actor, whoſe Vanity generally prompts him to believe the Approbation was given intirely to his Performance.

James Maccloud was however encored three Times; and at the Concluſion, when he ſays, *Othello's Occupation's gone*, the Captain threw himſelf back in his Chair, and kept his Eyes fixt for a Minute at leaſt, on his wooden Stump; then looking up, ſays he, When do you perform this Play? To Night, Sir, ſays *James*.

If the Landlord, replied the Captain, ſhould get my Leg ready in Time, I'll come and ſee you; in the

mean

mean while there's ſomething to buy you a Pair of Gloves.

The Landlord, knowing the longer he was about the Leg, the more Money would be ſpent in his Houſe, did not come to try it on upon the Captain till nine o'Clock at Night, which was too late for the Play. Mr. *Crab* was ſtill more diſappointed by this artful Delay of the Landlord, for he expected that the Leg would have been finiſhed by Noon, and that they might have purſued their Journey after Dinner. A Plague confound this Fellow, ſays he, if I was in the Captain's Place, I would return the Leg upon his Hands and go without it, ſooner than be impos'd upon. The Captain gave him the Hearing, but if he could have gone away without

the

the Leg, he was too much the Man of Honour to *run* from his Word, and therefore paid him according to his Promiſe.

CHAP. X.

Contains a moral Leſſon to thoſe who can find it out.

THE next Morning Mr. *Crab*, was the firſt up in the Houſe, and he took no ſmall Pains to raiſe every Body elſe. He knocked 2 or 3 Times at the Captain's Door, and had been as often in Mrs. *Crab*'s Chamber to haſten her down. At length ſhe ſallied forth, and as ſhe ſaw Mr. *Crab* kicking

kicking his Heels, very impatiently, at the Foot of the Stairs, ſhe cried out, Lord, my Dear, what a Noiſe have you been making all the Morning! one would have thought the Houſe was on Fire. And what is all this Hurry for? I'm ſure I long to ſee my Son as much as you can do, but we ſhan't get to *Oxford* a Bit the ſooner for all this Fuſs. As I am a Gentlewoman, you have made my Head ach intolerably. I muſt have ſome Coffee. Coffee, ſays Mr. *Crab*, you had better have ſome hot Wine and an Egg in it with me; that's the beſt Breakfaſt to travel upon. My Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, how can you entertain ſuch mechanical Notions! I vow you put me in Mind of a Country Shopkeeper that goes to *London* in the Stage once a Year, to buy Goods, and

all

all the Way upon the Road, drinks Hot-Pot and Cherry Brandy with the Coachman. Why, Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, for all your Airs, there's no Body lives better than Stage Coachmen.

During this Converſation, the Captain came ſtumping into the Room. Ay, ay, ſays he, Maſter *Crab*, thoſe were happy Days when I was a young Fellow, and uſed to travel in Stage Coaches. But we are grown ſo proud now, that nothing but Poſt-Chaiſes and Phaetons will ſerve our Turns. Will you have Coffee or Tea, Captain, ſays Mrs. *Crab*? Tea, Madam, ſays the Captain, Coffee gives me the Heart-burn.

The Tea and Coffee were got ready

got ready, and Mr. *Crab* was enjoying his mull'd Wine, when, unfortunately, an awkard Maid filling the Tea Pot with a leaky Kettle, ſome Drops diſtilled down the Sides of it upon Mr. *Crab*'s Leg. Zounds and damn it, ſays he, (ſtarting up an End) you Bitch of *Babylon*, you have ſcalded me. Run and get me ſome Oil directly. My Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, I'm ſorry for your Misfortune, but you know the old Proverb ſays, *I hope your early Riſing has done you no Harm.* Now your early Riſing has certainly done you no Good. Madam, ſays the Captain, (with a grave Countenance) this is no laughing Matter. Poor *Robin Baxter*, a Lieutenant in our Regiment, loſt his Life by much ſuch an Accident. Indeed! ſays Mr. *Crab*. It's very true, ſays the Captain. I

remember we were encamped upon the Plains of *Minden*, and were order'd to march two Hours after this happen'd, but poor *Robin* was left behind to be carried to the Hoſpital, where he linger'd for about ten Days, in the utmoſt Agony, 'till the Mortification came on, and then died. Pray, Captain, ſays Mr. *Crab*, what kind of Man was this ſame Lieutenant? Why he was about your Heighth, ſays the Captain, and rather corpulent, like you; he reſembled you in another Reſpect, for he always drank mull'd Wine in a Morning, when he could get it, ſo that his Blood was in an inflam'd State, when the Accident happen'd.

Zounds, ſays Mr. *Crab*, if I get over this Bout, I'll forſwear hot Wine as long as I live. Pray, Captain, do

you

you think my Life is in Danger? If you do, tell me ſo, for I have not made my Will. Then, ſays the Captain, 'tis high Time you did. Lord have Mercy upon me, ſays Mr. *Crab*. Be not alarm'd, ſays the Captain, for I do not think you are in any Danger; but it is proper every Man ſhould make his Will, becauſe you know we are here To-day and gone To-morrow. Ay! ſays Mr. *Crab*, we are *here* To-day, but I hope in God we ſhall be gone before To-morrow from this curſed Town; and if ever I——Hold, Maſter *Crab*, ſays the Captain, don't put yourſelf in a Paſſion, there's nothing contributes ſo much to Inflammation; it was thought poor *Robin Baxter* might have got over it, if it had not been for that. My dear Captain, ſays Mr. *Crab*, I won't ſpeak a-

nother Word, if you will but order the Coach to the Door, for I long to get out of this Houſe.

The Coach was ordered accordingly: And Mrs. *Crab* pleaſed herſelf with thinking that the Captain's Artifice, in alarming her Huſband's Fears, would work a great Amendment in his future Conduct and Behaviour; and to keep his Apprehenſion awake, the Captain adviſed him not to ſet his Foot to the Ground, but to ſuffer himſelf to be carried to the Coach Side between *Cork* and *Thomas*, which they performed with ſome Difficulty, and the Captain and Mrs. *Crab* cloſed the Proceſſion with their Handkerchiefs up to their Faces, not to wipe away their Tears, but to ſtifle their Laughter.

CHAP. XI.

The Journey to Oxford *continued; and an Episode introduced, which concludes the second Book.*

THE Day proving very hot, and our Travellers having risen two or three Hours before their usual Time, they were all three inclined to sleep, which the rocking of the Coach in a sandy Lane, brought about most compleatly.

How long their Nap might have continued, is uncertain, if Mr. *Crab*, like King *Richard* in the Tent Scene, had not been disturbed by ugly

Dreams. But all at once he cried out, *Zounds! don't tell me, I'll ſooner die than conſent to it.* Theſe Words were utter'd with ſuch Vehemence, that it inſtantly wak'd Mrs. *Crab* and the Captain; who enquiring into the Cauſe of this Commotion, were anſwered by Mr. *Crab*, ſaying, 'ſblood I think it was Time to bawl out, when there were two Surgeons ſtanding before me, one with a crooked Knife, and the other with a Saw in his Hand, juſt going to cut off my Leg. I'm ſorry to hear this, ſays the Captain, ſhaking his Head, for poor *Robin Baxter* had the ſelf-ſame Dream the Night before the Mortification came on. The Devil he had! ſays Mr. *Crab.* Yes, yes, he had, indeed, ſays the Captain, but what of that, Dreams, you know, are generally contrary: But

if it was otherwiſe, I would engage your Leg would do well, if you will only avoid in your Diet and Diſcourſe every Thing that tends to Inflammation.

In this Manner the Captain often, in the ſame Breath, flattered and frightened Mr. *Crab* about his Leg, which was highly entertaining to Mrs. *Crab*, who, as the Reader has been told, had always a ſilent Contempt for her Huſband, before her Father died; and ſince ſhe received her Fortune, like a Man of War, that has taken in her Guns, her Courage increaſed by her Weight of Metal, which enabled her to act offenſively upon every Occaſion that offer'd. This Lady had likewiſe the Spirit of Contradiction in its utmoſt Purity and Perfection. It

was indeed of the firſt Water, tho' ſhe ſeldom ſhew'd this *amiable* Part of her Character to the Captain, becauſe ſhe frequently ſtood in Need of his Aſſiſtance and Advice, when ſhe had any important Point to carry againſt her Huſband. But whenever ſhe was ſo unguarded as to treat the Captain no better than ſhe did Mr. *Crab*, he generally made her repent it, by agreeing in Opinion with her, which obliged her to commence Hoſtilities with herſelf, if ſhe meant to continue the Diſpute.

The Captain was arrived at the narrative Age, and having ſeen a good deal of the World, he was rarely at a Loſs to introduce his Story. He had a large Aſſortment of them, ſuitable to every Subject, and ſo regiſter'd

in

in the Table of his Memory, that he could turn to them immediately. For Example, directly oppoſite to *Scalds* and *Burns*, was placed poor *Robin Baxter*. In the ſame Line with *unequal Matches*, ſtood *the old General* and *the Serjeant's Daughter*. By this Kind of Arrangement, the Captain ſtanding Centry, as it were, over his own Works, was always prepared either to return a civil Salute, or an hoſtile Attack; that is, according to the Adage, he gave every one a *Roland* for his *Oliver*. But to ſay the Truth, his Stories were neither long nor circumſtantial; and as they aroſe chiefly from the Incidents that happened to him and his Friends in their Profeſſion, it would have been cruel not to indulge him now and then in a Recital of thoſe military Traits which had

had enriched his Mind *only* with the Remembrance of them.

This Digreſſion would have been unpardonable, if the Hiſtory had ſtood ſtill for it; but as Mr. *Crab*'s Coach was kept going on, and the Journey not in the leaſt delayed thereby, we think it very excuſeable. For if the Reader will be kind enough to conſider and make Allowance for the hot Day, and the ſandy Lane, which had rock'd our Travellers to Sleep, he will not wonder that the Author ſhould ſympathiſe with them, and nod a little in this Place.

The Coach was now paſſing thro' a ſhort ſhady Lane, on the left Hand of which ran a ſmall Brook or Rivulet, and on its Banks ſtood a neat white Houſe,

Houſe, with green Window-Shutters. Ha! cried the Captain, with a Sigh, that Habitation puts me in Mind of the Widow *Dubois*; peace be with her, whether ſhe be living or dead, for ſhe was a good Soul. Pray Sir, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, of what Religion was Mrs. *Dubois?* If you mean, Madam, ſays the Captain, whether ſhe was a Catholic or a Proteſtant, I can't anſwer you, but ſhe was certainly of the beſt Religion in the World, or ſhe could never have behav'd as ſhe did upon a particular Occaſion. What might that be, Sir, ſays Mrs. *Crab?* I'll tell you, Madam, ſays the Captain. It was when our Army was encamp'd along the Banks of the *Weſer*, that the Commander in Chief ſent one of his Aid de Camps, with Orders to all the different Colonels of the Regiments under

der his Command; and as our Camp was extended to the Diſtance of five Miles at leaſt, from one Extremity to the other, the Aid de Camp loſt his Way, and unfortunately fell in with a reconnoitring Party of the Enemy, before he was aware of it. He was immediately called upon to ſurrender himſelf a Priſoner; but as he was ſenſible that the Orders he had about him, would make a Diſcovery of our General's Intentions to the Enemy, he determined to loſe his Life, rather than be taken; and when an Officer rode up towards him, to receive his Submiſſion, he drew a Piſtol and ſhot him thro' the Head. He was directly purſued by a Party of light Horſe, but the Fleetneſs of an Engliſh Hunter and the ſudden ſhutting in of the Day, ſoon made him inviſible to his

Purſuers.

Purſuers. When he found himſelf clear of his Enemies, he began to think where he ſhould take up his Quarters that Night. It was by this Time totally dark; not a ſingle Ray of Light from either Moon or Stars appear'd to direct him in his Way; and to mend his Situation, he had all the Reaſon in the World to ſuppoſe that he was then in a Part of the Country that was poſſeſs'd by the Enemy. With theſe uncomfortable Reflections about him, he at length reſolved to give up his own Judgment (as many benighted Travellers have done before him with Succeſs) to that of his Horſe, who after many a weary Step, brought him within Sight of an Object, which at laſt turn'd out to be a white Houſe with green Shutters. Our Aid de Camp diſmounted, and leading

his

his Horſe towards the Rails, that ſurrounded the Court Yard, he hollow'd two or three Times, when a Swiſs Porter made his Appearance with a Candle in his Hand, and enquired what was his Buſineſs there at that untimely Hour. The Aid de Camp told him he was an Officer who had loſt his Way, and beg'd to be receiv'd into their Houſe, or to be directed where he might paſs the Night in Safety. The Porter went back into the Houſe, and preſently returning, open'd the Gate, and deſired the Officer to walk in. He did ſo, and as he follow'd the Porter up to the Houſe, he took that Opportunity to aſk who was the Poſſeſſor of it, when he was anſwered, Captain *Dubois*. The Name of *Dubois* did not ſound very agreeably in the Ears of our Aid de Camp. He

knew

knew it was French; and he concluded that an Engliſh Officer would not be a very welcome Gueſt to a French one, at a Time when the two Nations were at War with each other. However he truſted that the natural Politeneſs of the French would not ſuffer them to treat even an Enemy with Incivility. When he was ſhewed into the Room, he was received by a Lady ſitting on a Sopha, with a Table before her, on which was a Book and two Wax Tapers. Mrs. *Dubois* was neither young nor handſome, but ſhe had a certain Senſibility of Countenance, and an affable Manner in her Behaviour, which ſeldom fails to captivate at a Time of Life when Beauty is no more. It was this Kind of Frankneſs in Mrs. *Dubois*'s Converſation that induced the Aid de

Camp

Camp to give her a true Detail of his Evening's Expedition, without ſecreting from her the Duty he had been upon, or the Circumſtance of his having killed the Officer, who came to take him Priſoner. In Return, Mrs. *Dubois* as ingenuouſly told him the moſt intereſting Particulars of her Life, from which he gather'd that ſhe had been the rich Widow of a German Gentleman, and was lately married to Mr *Dubois*, a Captain in the French Service. When the Night was ſo far advanc'd, that it was thought neceſſary for the Aid de Camp to retire to his Bed-Chamber, Mrs. *Dubois* took her Leave, aſſuring him that one of her Servants ſhould be ready as early as he pleaſed in the Morning, to conduct him into the Road that led to the Engliſh Camp. With a thouſand Ex-

preſſions

preſſions of Gratitude for all Favours, he wiſhed her a good Night, which he could not procure for himſelf. He no ſooner laid his Head upon his Pillow, but a thouſand diſagreeable Ideas crouded upon his Imagination. He was diſtracted with thinking what Confuſion muſt have been occaſioned in the Army, by the Orders not being delivered according to the General's Intentions. He ſaw before his Eyes a Regiment in full march, to take Poſſeſſion of that Ground, which the Corps that occupied it had no Orders to quit. In another Part of the Camp a Battalion was wheeling off to the Right, that ſhould have advanced to ſupport the Column in the Centre. But what gave him the moſt real Concern (tho' the Action itſelf was commendable, being done for the Good

of the Service) was the Death of the Officer, whoſe Widow appeared to him at the Bed's Foot, with all the Diſtraction in her Countenance, which ſo calamitous a Diſaſter might be ſuppoſed to create. In this Agitation of Mind he remained till it was Day-light, when he heard two ſmall Raps at his Chamber Door, which, like the tolling of the Bell in *Venice Preſerv'd*, ſeem'd to ſummons him to immediate Execution. It was with ſome Difficulty that he ſaid *Come in.* It proved to be Mrs. *Dubois*'s Maid, who came to tell him that her Miſtreſs beg'd to ſee him for a Moment before he left the Houſe. He hurried on his Cloaths and went directly to Mrs. *Dubois*, whom he found wringing her Hands and tearing her Hair, in an Agony of Grief. When her Burſt of Paſſion was

over

over, our Aid de Camp expreſſed the utmoſt Concern at ſeeing her in ſo diſtreſsful a Situation, and offered to ſerve her with his Life and Fortune. I want neither, Sir, ſays ſhe, tho' you are the innocent Author of all my Sorrow; and tho' you have deſtroyed my Peace of Mind for ever; yet as you did but your Duty, I muſt forgive you. Read that fatal Scroll (giving him a Letter) then fly my Sight for ever. The Aid de Camp devoured, as it were, the Paper with his Eyes, and read with extreme Horror, a very preciſe and particular Account of his killing her Huſband, Captain *Dubois*. The Letter fell from his Hands, and he attempted to ſpeak, which ſhe prevented by waving her Hand as a Signal for his Departure, and he obey'd. He found a Servant waiting at the

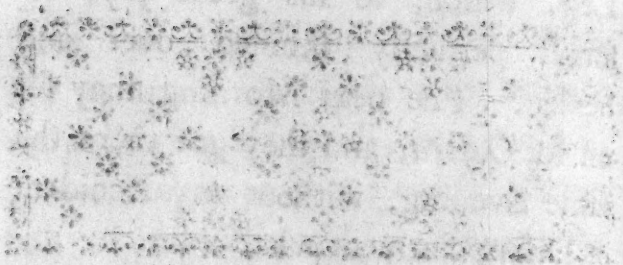
Gate, to attend him on his Way. He mounted his Horſe with a Sigh, and following his Guide, he arriv'd in a few Hours at the Engliſh Camp, ſick of himſelf and weary of the World.

Juſt as the Captain had finiſhed his Story, *George* the Coachman ſtopt his Horſes, and called out to his Maſter to know what Inn he would pleaſe to go to. Drive us any where but to the Red Lion, ſays Mr. *Crab*, ſtroking his ſcalded Leg at the ſame Time. It ſeems they were arrived at *Birmingham*, and *George* being left at Liberty to go where he liked beſt, carried them to the King's-Head; becauſe the Oſtler was his old Acquaintance. Here Mr. *Crab* ſettled all Accounts with his Partner, and examined his

Leg.

Leg, which, to his great Joy, he found perfectly skinned over and healed. The next Morning they set off for *Oxford*, and they got there the same Evening, without any Accident or Disappointment whatsoever.

End of the Second Book.



BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.

The Greeting between Mr. Crab, *&c. and Mr.* Chriſtopher Crab, *with ſeveral other curious Particulars.*

WHEN the Coach ſtop'd at the Angel in *Oxford*, Mr. *Chriſtopher Crab*, who had been waiting two Hours for their Arrival, ran out into the Street to receive them, and

open'd the Coach Door himſelf. At Sight of his Father and Mother, from whom he had been ſo long ſeparated, a crimſon Current from the Heart ruſhed into his Countenance, as if eager to rejoin the Fountain from whence it came. And when the Captain called out *my dear* Kit, *I'm glad to ſee thee*, a pearly Drop ſtole from each Eye ſo ſilently along, one would have ſworn they were aſhamed of being ſeen. My dear Boy, ſays the Captain to young Mr. *Crab*, who was helping him out of the Coach, fair and ſoftly, if you pleaſe; don't be in a Hurry; I have loſt one Leg ſince we ſet out already, and your Father there had like to have loſt another; but thank God we are both upon a tolerable Footing again now, and I would willingly keep ſo. I am very glad

glad to hear all is Right again, ſays young Mr. *Crab*, but pray how happen'd it? Why, ſays the Captain, my Leg was broke by the Overturn of the Coach, and your Father's Leg was ſcalded by a leaky Tea-Kettle, which your Mother and I perſuaded him might be attended with Danger, if he did not live abſtemiouſly, and avoid all Violence of Temper, hoping, by this Alarm, to cure him of thoſe Exceſſes to which, you know, he is but too ſubject. He will conſult you about it as a Phyſician; and I hope you will, like all other Phyſicians who are called into Conſultation, agree perfectly in Opinion with thoſe who were firſt concern'd. I ſhall certainly, ſays young Mr. *Crab*, for the Reaſons you have given, but not to countenance the illiberal Notion which ſome

People

People entertain of the Faculty; That they will ſooner let their Patient ſuffer, than differ in Opinion among themſelves. That's Right, my Boy, ſays the Captain, I am glad to find thee an Advocate for Mankind, for I verily believe that thoſe People who are the readieſt to cenſure the World, do it, for the moſt Part, from the Evidence of their own Conſciences.

By this Time Mr. *Crab* had order'd a Negus to waſh the Duſt out of his Throat, and was talking with the Landlord about Supper, when the Captain and young Mr. *Crab* came into the Room. The Landlord recommended ſome ſtew'd Eels, a Couple of Fowls roaſted, with *Oxford* Sauſages; a Diſh of green Peas, and a Currant Tart. Ay, ſays Mr. *Crab*,

I think that will do very well. What do you ſay, Captain? How do you like the Bill of Fare, ſon *Kit*? Why, Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, I hear you have had an Accident with your Leg; I am afraid therefore this Supper would be too ſtrong for you. Eels are inflammatory, and Sauſages bilious. I think a boil'd Chicken, with Parſley and Butter, would not be amiſs; the Peas and Tart there can be no Objection to. For my Part, I eat no Suppers. Not eat Suppers, ſays Mr. *Crab*; Zounds! I would not give up Suppers to be made Member of Parliament for this City. When I was in Buſineſs, I uſed to think of nothing elſe all the Afternoon, and long'd to have the Shop ſhut—— Here Mrs. *Crab* put her Hand before Mr. *Crab*'s Mouth, and bad the Landlord with-

draw

draw 'till they rung the Bell. When he was gone, Mrs. *Crab* went on with, Mr. *Crab* will you never learn how to behave yourſelf? Methinks if you have no Regard to your own Reputation, you might have ſome little for mine. As I am a Gentlewoman, you might as well have continued ſelling Baize and Bee's Wax ſtill, if every Body is to know that you were once a Shop-keeper. What will the World think of you? I don't Care, Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, what the World thinks of me, ſo that I live as I like. Son *Kit*, tho' you have been ſtudying Phyſic, I am not obliged to follow your Preſcriptions. Here I have been ſtarving myſelf theſe two Days, on Account of my Leg, but I am determin'd to make up for it to Night.

Mr.

Mr. *Crab* was as good as his Word. He ordered Supper directly, and when it was ready, he gave convincing Proof of an excellent Appetite, and then fell faſt aſleep in his Chair. Mrs. *Crab*, being ſomewhat fatigued with her Journey, did not ſuffer him to enjoy his Repoſe long. She wak'd him, and beg'd him to go to Bed, which he, with ſome Reluctance, for Want of his Pipe, complied with, and they retired, leaving the Captain and Mr. *Chriſtopher* in quiet Poſſeſſion of each other.

Well *Kit*, ſays the Captain, how goes your Affair on with *Sophia*? O Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, 'tis all over; ſhe's gone—loſt for ever, I'm afraid. How do you mean, Man? ſays the Captain? a virtuous Woman, like a well

well fortified Town, ſhould never be given over for loſt, till you hear ſhe capitulates. And if I might judge of her from your own Letters, ſhe is likely to hold out a long Time againſt a powerful Enemy. Sir, you miſtake me quite, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*. Her Virtues are impregnable, and ſhe is all Excellence. You ſaw, I ſuppoſe, the Death of the Dean, her Father, in the News-Papers? No, ſays the Captain, I did not, it eſcap'd me. Well, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, he died about ſix Weeks ago. You know his Preferment in the Church was large, which enabled him to live in a very genteel Manner, and to ſave (if he had thought fit) an ample Proviſion for his Wife and this only Child; but ſuch was the Liberality and Charity of the good Man in his Life-Time,

that

that he has left behind him a very ſcanty Portion, for the Support of his diſconſolate Widow and the amiable *Sophia*. In ſhort, when all his Effects are diſpoſed of, the Amount, as I am informed, will not exceed three thouſand Pounds.

And ſo, ſays the Captain, becauſe your Miſtreſs's Fortune does not turn out what was expected, you have quitted her, like a prudent Man. Is that the Way you blow your Match, Friend *Kit?* No Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, you miſapprehend me ſtill. As the large Fortune, which the World ſuppoſed *Sophia* would enjoy, was no Inducement to my liking her, neither does the Want of it leſſen my Eſteem for her. On the contrary, I was pleaſed, by Heavens, I rejoic'd when

I heard how little her Father died poſſeſſed of, becauſe I thought it would furniſh me with an Opportunity of of ſhewing her the Diſintereſtedneſs of my Paſſion. Well, ſays the Captain, and what hinders you? How is ſhe loſt? If ſhe gave you Encouragement in her Days of Proſperity, how can you imagine ſhe will refuſe you, when the World frowns upon her? Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, I ſee you are not aware of *Sophia*'s Delicacy, but if you will take the Trouble to read that, (giving the Captain a Letter) you will underſtand the Cauſe of my preſent Unhappineſs. The Captain took the Letter and read as follows.

Sir,

The Loſs of ſo indulgent a Father needed no additional Diſtreſs to make

me miſerable. He did not diſcover to us any Circumſtance of his Affairs, till he found himſelf approaching towards his End, when he expreſſed the bittereſt Sorrow for what was to become of us, and wiſhed only to recover, that he might have it in his Power to leave us in a more comfortable Situation. Cuſtom and the Prejudice of Education, make us aſham'd of Poverty, even when it is not brought upon us by our own Miſconduct. My Mother has taken her Part accordingly, ſhe has pitched upon a Spot for our future Reſidence, at a great Diſtance from this Metropolis, and from every Friend we have in the World. We ſet out To-morrow Morning; but whither (ſtrange as it may appear to you) I really know not. My Mother has, beſides keep-

ing the Place of our Deſtination a Secret from me, enjoined me never, after this Day, to correſpond with any one. 'Tis hard, Sir, 'tis very humiliating, for a Perſon like me, brought up in all the Refinements of polite Life, ſo ſuddenly to accommodate herſelf to the Society of a ruſtic and (for ought I know) a ſavage People. My Mother ſays, we ſhould all, at one Time or other, have a Taſte of Adverſity, and that it cannot happen better, than at the Eve of Life, to make us quit this World without Regret. This I believe to be very true, but ſtill at my Age, human Nature will rebel againſt the Dictates of Reaſon; and I confeſs to you, that at this Moment, my Heart recoils at parting with the common Recreations of the World. What then muſt I ſuffer at being ſepa-

rated,

rated, perhaps for ever, from the only Man in the World that is not indifferent to me! Yes, Sir, as it is probable we ſhall never meet again, I think I may, without incurring the Cenſure of the ſtricteſt Modeſty, acknowledge a Paſſion for you; and my Mother ought to eſtimate my Duty to her, by the Sacrifice I make in obeying her Commands. Adieu, dear Sir, Pity, if you ſhould ceaſe to love, but never totally forget, your faithful

Sophia Garland.

Well, Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, what do you think of that, Sir? Think, ſays the Captain, (blowing his Noſe, to drain off the Moiſture of his Eyes that Way) think, a Pox on it, Friend *Kit*, I wiſh you had not began the Subject To-night, becauſe it hurts

one's Reſt; I warrant you I ſhan't get this excellent Creature out of my Head all Night long. But come, it grows late; we muſt away to Bed my Boy.

Mr. *Chriſtopher* then wiſh'd the Captain a good Night, and departed for his Rooms in *Chriſt-Church* College.

CHAP. II.

The Captain is put in Mind of a Story—Some Remarks upon it, gives Riſe to a Debate, which had like to have ended ſeriouſly—Mr. Crab *determines to return to* North-Wales.

THE next and the two ſucceeding Mornings were ſpent in viſiting the ſtately Colleges of this famous Univerſity.

They din'd at *Chriſt*'s-*Church*, *King*'s and *Brazen-Noſe* Colleges. This laſt put the Captain in Mind of an old Acquaintance. Poor *Dick Starewell*, ſays he, was of this College, till he

enter'd into Prieſt's Orders, and then he changed his Condition for an Enſigncy in our Regiment. *Dick* had a handſome Leg, and that Sort of confident Carriage, which naturally attracts your Notice. In walking, he had a Way of riſing upon his Toes to make him appear more important; and when he took Snuff, he did it as if he was ſaluting his commanding Officer, by extending his Arm to its full Length, and then returning it in a circular Manner to his Noſe, which was gradually inclin'd to meet his Hand half Way. He made it a Rule to pay his Court to every Woman of Fortune that fell in his Way; and tho' the Repulſes he met with were innumerable, he had, at laſt, the Addreſs to conquer the Heart of a little crooked Body, with a great deal of Money. This

Lady

Lady he married, and might have liv'd very happily with her, but for an untoward Accident. It ſeems that about a Year before, when we were quarter'd at *Baſingſtoke*, *Dick* fell in Love *himſelf*, for the firſt Time, with *Suky Trippit*, an Inn-keeper's Daughter, in that Town, and privately married her. Upon our leaving thoſe Quarters, which was ſoon afterwards, he promiſed to remit her Money from Time to Time, if ſhe would keep their Marriage a Secret; but ſome how or other, he did not keep his Word with her, and therefore when ſhe heard he had got another Wife, ſhe ſet out for *London* immediately, and preſented herſelf before him and Mrs. *Starewell*. There was no ſtanding this. It was neceſſary he ſhould decamp directly, for fear of being laid

by the Heels; ſo he changed with an Officer who was going to join his Corps at *Minorca*, where he arrived ſafe and ſound, but died four Months after of the Flux, by drinking new Wine to drown Care.

While the Captain was telling his Story, Mr. *Crab* indulg'd himſelf with a Pipe of Tobacco, which he obtain'd thro' the Gentleman, at whoſe Invitation they dined in College; tho' Mrs. *Crab* declared ſhe ſuffered no ſuch beaſtly Doings in her Houſe. When the Captain had done, Ay, ſays Mr. *Crab*, taking the Pipe from his Mouth, I'm ſorry, methinks, for poor *Dick Starewell*. Good God, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, (already provoked by Mr. *Crab*'s ſmoaking) how can you talk ſo, my Dear? As I am a Gentlewoman, I

ſhould

ſhould not be ſurprized to find you an Advocate for Murder, at this Rate. No, Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, I only think it was a Pity that *Suky Trippit* had not died before ſhe heard of the ſecond Marriage. It would have prevented a great deal of Miſchief, and the poor Woman would have been provided for. What ſay you, Son *Kit?* I warrant you that know the Ways of *London*, don't look upon this Action of *Dick Starewell*, to be ſo very criminal. Indeed, Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, you are much miſtaken. I think Bigamy ſhould be puniſhed with the utmoſt Severity; becauſe the Man who robs two Women of their Happineſs, merely to gratify his Luſt and his Avarice, which was this Gentleman's Caſe, is infinitely more culpable than he who takes your Purſe, to ſupply the Neceſſities of Life.

Nor

Nor can I ſuppoſe our Sovereign ſuſtained any Loſs by the Death of ſuch an Officer. For he who had not Reſolution enough to oppoſe thoſe unwarrantable Paſſions, would ſcarcely have Courage enough to face the Enemies of his Country. Right, right, my Boy, ſays the Captain, (clapping Mr. *Chriſtopher* upon the Shoulder) to be ſure *Dick* was not over brave. He had once an Opportunity of ſignalizing himſelf as his Brother Officers did, if he had not been ſeized with an Ague, which obliged him to retire very precipitately, juſt as the Engagement began. But the ſhivering ceas'd when the Battle was over, and the Fit never returned, tho' he did not take the Bark to prevent it.

You may ſay what you pleaſe, ſays Mr.

Mr. *Crab*, (looking full at Mrs. *Crab*) but I don't think any of us are better than we ſhould be. It happened at that Inſtant, that Mrs. *Crab*'s Eyes were fixt upon Mr. *Smith*, the young Gentleman who entertained them at his Rooms; ſo that Mr. *Crab*'s ſarcaſtic Hint paſſed unheeded by his Wife, and, like a glancing Arrow, ſtruck Mr. *Smith* very forcibly. Not that Mr. *Smith* ſuppoſed it was aimed at him; but having early imbibed the Principles of a Free-thinker from his Tutor, and being naturally fond of Diſputation, he let no Opportunity ſlip, whereby he might ſhew his Parts, in expoſing the Errors and Abſurdities of the Chriſtian Religion; and Mr. *Crab*'s trite Obſervation that, *We are none of us better than we ſhould be*, furniſhed him with a proper Subject to diſplay

display his Rhetoric upon. He endeavoured to prove, that Mankind can not be better or worse than they are created. That every Man is virtuous or vicious, according to the Passions and Inclinations he is endued with by Providence. That the Works of Evil-doers are as acceptable in the Eyes of GOD, as the Actions of the best Men; for Vice would not be permitted in the World, if it were not to answer some wise Purposes, though our Understandings are too shallow to fathom or find them out. And surely it would be impious (said he) to suppose that GOD, who is all Goodness, will punish his Agent, for having executed faithfully the Commission he was charged with.

With such Kind of sophistical Reasoning

ſoning did our young *Oxonian* harangue the Company; which, tho' it had not Truth for its Foundation, was managed with ſo much Art and Plauſibility as would have ſtagger'd the Minds of weak People, unacquainted with the Trick of logical Argument. But Mr. *Chriſtopher Crab*, being as good a Caſuiſt as Mr. *Smith*, and having a better Cauſe to defend, anſwer'd him ſo clearly, and demonſtrated with ſuch Preciſion the Futility of his Adverſary's Doctrine, that Mr. *Smith* loſt all Temper. He flew in a Paſſion, and made uſe of Language that Mr. *Chriſtopher* would have reſented in another Manner, if the Captain, who acted the Part of Moderator through Life, had not prevented it.

He ſtood up between the two Combatants,

batants, and, taking out his Snuff-Box with great Coolneſs, ſaid, Gentlemen, I have heard you both very patiently, as long as you contained yourſelves within the Rules of good Breeding; but it is high Time to interpoſe. And let me tell you, Sir, (looking at Mr. *Smith*) it is not very decent in any Man, much leſs in a Member of this Univerſity, to rail at the Religion of the Country he lives in. I am old enough to be your Father, and I hope I have not ſpent my Time ſo ill that I want to be inſtructed by a Boy in ſo material a Point as that on which my future Salvation depends. That honeſt Man, (pointing to Mr. *Crab*) whom you have talk'd to Sleep, is much better employed at this Moment, be his Dreams ever ſo ſhocking, than in liſtening to your horrid

Diſcourſe.

Diſcourſe. However, I forgive you the Affront offer'd to my Underſtanding. You are a young Man, and may behave better when you have ſeen more of the World.

Mr. *Crab* waking preſently afterwards, they took their Leave of Mr. *Smith*, and returned to the Angel-Inn, where Mr. *Crab* determined to ſet out for *North Wales* the next Morning.

CHAP. III.

Contains ſome Advice to Authors, which will not be followed, and an Apology for Digreſſion, which may not be underſtood.

WHILE the Family are ſupping at the Angel-Inn, and the Captain employed in repeating to Mr. *Crab* the Converſation that paſſed at Mr *Smith*'s Rooms, during Mr *Crab*'s ſweet Repoſe, I will beg leave to ſay a few Words in Favour of thoſe Authors who have been *guilty* (as the Critics call it) of digreſſing or departing from the Subject, contrary to the eſtabliſhed

eſtabliſhed Rules of the beſt ancient and modern Writers.

As I am not conſcious of having hitherto tranſgreſs'd in this Point, I preſume it will not be ſuppoſed that what I am going to ſay, is meant as an Apology for myſelf; tho' I muſt confeſs, that many Things related in this true Hiſtory, appear more like the Work of Invention than Matter of Fact. But this will be preſently obviated, if the candid Reader, be he who he will, except he was born and brought up in (and never brought out of) a Coal-Pit, Lead-Mine, &c. and by that Kind of ſubterranean Exiſtence, has been deprived of all Intercourſe with his Fellow Creatures by Day-Light. I ſay, let any Reader, (excepting as before excepted) look

back upon and examine well the Tranſactions of his own Life, and he will find therein a greater Variety of Incidents, more natural, and therefore more intereſting, than are to be met with in any of the favourite Novels of this or any other Age. But it is very much to be lamented, that few, if any, of the Biographers, who have publiſhed their own Lives, have had Honeſty enough to tell *the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.* The generality of them write to blazon forth their public Actions, or to vindicate their private Conduct that was publicly ſuſpected. Vanity is the firſt Mover, and Oſtentation appears in every Line. Thoſe Anecdotes wherein his Character would ſuffer by the Relation, tho' perhaps the moſt entertaining and uſeful Parts of his Memoirs, are moſt carefully

carefully omitted. And thus, inſtead of the genuine Hiſtory of *John* ——, we are furniſhed with a nauſeous ſelf-ſufficient Narrative, which, if the naked Truth had been ingeniouſly told, would have made an acceptable Preſent to the Public.

I am aware that this Argument may be turned againſt me, by aſking why I did not write my *own* Life? To which I anſwer, that having been connected with the *Crab*-Family from my Cradle (being myſelf a *Crab* by the Mother's Side) I am as well acquainted with every fortunate Event or croſs Accident, that has befallen them, as I am with what has happened to myſelf. And as I pretend to no Superiority in the Command of my Paſſions, nor affect to have leſs Vanity than my

Neighbours, I ſhould, moſt probably, in painting my own Character, be guilty of that Partiality I have been blaming in others.

In reſpect to Digreſſion, I am inclined to think, that many Authors have been charged, by indifferent Judges, with wandering from their principal Deſign, very undeſervedly. For it is to be obſerved, that when you have a crooked Subject to manage, it is no more in your Power to go on in one ſtrait Line, than it is poſſible for a Hog-driver to keep the ſame Path.* The Pig will go his own Way, and the Fellow muſt follow him thro' thick and thin, or he will be in Danger of loſing the Animal.

* See TRISTRAM SHANDY, and others.

mal. Thus it muſt fare with every Hiſtorian, be his Hero ever ſo great, if he means to delineate his *real* Character in all it's minute Parts. The Truth on't is, that We have all more of the Animal in us than we are willing to allow. If any one doubts this, let him pitch upon the Perſon whoſe Actions he would chuſe to imitate, and follow him ſtep by ſtep for a Year, a Month, or even a Week; and then let him declare, if he can, that he is leſs fatigued with his Journey than the Hog-driver before mentioned.

From hence I draw this ſeemingly paradoxical Concluſion; That every Author, who endeavours to paint a *perfect* Character, and conducts him thro' every Scene of Life, like a Rope-dancer, upon one direct Line,

digreſſes from the Road of human Nature; and his Work, however *intitl'd* or *call'd*, ſhould be treated altogether as a Fiction.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Crab's *Return to* North-Wales *altered to a Journey to* London, *which occaſions ſome Family Diſputes.*

MR. *Crab* had determined, as has been mention'd in the laſt Chapter but one, to ſet out for *North Wales* the next Morning; but Mrs. *Crab* had determined far otherwiſe. She

She had reſolved when ſhe left Home, not to return without viſiting that dear delightful Place *London*.

Having got the Captain and Mr. *Chriſtopher* on her Side, ſhe indulg'd Mr. *Crab* with beſpeaking Supper; and inſtead of finding Fault, according to Cuſtom, ſhe approved of every Thing he had ordered, and commended the Delicacy of his Taſte. All Supper-Time ſhe took Care to help him plentifully to what ſhe knew he was moſt fond of, and when the Cloth was removed, ſhe filled a Pipe of Tobacco with her own Hands, and preſented to him in the moſt courteous Manner imaginable. Sure never mortal Man was happier than Mr. *Crab* at this Moment! nor could the united Flavours of the beſt *Virginia*, the

ſam'd *Nectian*, or the true *Trinidado*, furniſh a more exquiſite Reliſh than did this preſent Pipe of Tobacco. It ſweetened the natural Acidity of his Countenance, and his Eyes were half cloſed with the Extacy of his Feelings. But this Happineſs was too great to be of long Continuance.

Before Mr. *Crab* had got into the Marrow of his Pipe (which, by the by, is ſo indefinite an Expreſſion, that thoſe who uſe it, have not agreed among themſelves whether it means the Beginning, Middle or latter End) I ſhall therefore explain myſelf, by ſaying that Mr. *Crab* had ſcarcely ſmok'd half his Pipe out, when Mrs. *Crab*, throwing her right Hand carleſly upon his Left, ſaid, in a wheedling Tone of Voice, My Dear, what if we were to

ſet

ſet out for *London* to-morrow Morning, inſtead of going back into the Country. Zounds! Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*— down drop'd his Pipe (like the Urinal from the Hands of *Abel Drugger*, in the *Alchymiſt*) and all his ideal Joys vaniſhed in a *Whiff*.

Here a Doubt ariſes in my Mind, which I muſt beg Leave to lay before the Reader for his Conſideration, before I proceed a Step further. Mrs. *Crab*'s unuſual Kindneſs and Civility, had rounded the Muſcles of Mr. *Crab*'s Face, ſo as to make him appear quite another Man; And the unexpected Propoſal to go to *London* (like Hart's-Horn applied to the Noſe of one in a Fit) inſtantaneouſly brought him to himſelf again. *Quære*, Whether Mr. *Crab* ſhew'd to more Advantage whilſt

He

he remained in that joyous Delirium, or when he recovered his natural Severity of Countenance? For my own Part, tho' no Body is better pleaſed to ſee People in good Homour than myſelf, I am, nevertheleſs, ſo great an Admirer of ſimple and unſophiſticated Nature, that I own I like Mr. *Crab* beſt without Adulteration. His Conſtitution cannot be mended by Alteratives. Sweetners might make him inſipid for a certain Time, but when the Fermentation is over, he would be more acid than he was before.

Much might, and indeed has been ſaid and written upon the Subject of *Acids* and *Alcalis*, but whether the World is the wiſer or not, for their elaborate Diſcourſes, I ſhall leave to be determin'd by the *Royal*, *Robin-Hood*, or any other

of

of the learned Societies in *London* and *Weſtminſter*; while I purſue my Hiſtory peaceably and quietly.

Zounds! Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, what the Plague do you mean? Do you think I am made of Money? This Jaunt has coſt me a pretty Penny already? I ſay, go to *London* truly. Nay, my Dear, anſwered Mrs. *Crab*, I only thought, as you had never ſeen the great Metropolis, and was now within a Day's Journey of it, that you would be ſorry afterwards you had not taken this Opportunity, which was my only Reaſon for putting you in Mind of it. Why, replied Mr. *Crab*, What's to be ſeen there but Men, Women and Houſes? which we ſee every where elſe. 'Tis true, Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, Men, Women and Houſes

are

are common enough every where, but not ſuch as are to be met with in *London*; for the Women of Rank have two Heads, one above another, with only one Face: And the Men of Faſhion, or rather the faſhionable Men, are all Face without any Head at all; thoſe Parts, which in other People are the Receptacles for the Brains, *&c.* are nothing but Papier Machiè, plaiſtered over with perfumed Powder and Orange Pomatum. I aſſure you, Sir, my Account is not exaggerated, like the Portraits of wild Beaſts, by way of exciting your Curioſity to ſee them. Theſe and many other Originals would far exceed any Deſcription I can give of them. But whether you will think it worth your while to go fifty Miles out of your Way, to have occular Demonſtration, muſt be left to your own

Conſideration;

Conſideration; my Mother, the Captain and myſelf having been at *London*, can have no other Inducement for going thither again, but the Pleaſure of bearing you Company. Ay, ay, ſays the Captain, that ſame *London* is a curious Place. There's always ſome general Topic for Converſation—Some new Author, devoted by his Poverty to be diſſected; or ſome new Play, happily protected by a Peer, to be applauded. The May-pole is up there all the Year through, and the People daily dance round it.

The ſeeming Indifference, which the Captain and Mr. *Chriſtopher* ſhew'd about going to *London*, operated upon Mr. *Crab* as they expected. He ſat muſing for ſome Minutes, divided between his Avarice and his

Curioſity

Curioſity, At length the latter prevailed. Methinks, ſays he, I ſhould like to have a Peep at thoſe Paper-ſkull'd Fellows that my Son talks of. What do you ſay to it, Madam? (to Mrs. *Crab*) Why, my Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, it depends intirely upon your own Inclination; I beg to be left out of the Queſtion. You know the Expence will be—— Damn the Expence, ſays Mr. *Crab*, angrily; I am reſolved to go. And go they did, as will be ſeen in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

A Letter from Mr. Smith, *puts Part of the Company into a Conſternation, which however ends happily—The Family arrive in* London.

'TWAS now *the very witching Time of Night*, as *Shakeſpear* has it—or as a more modern but leſs meaning Author expreſſes it—*'Twas at the ſilent midnight Hour*— Or as the *London* Watchmen cry it, *Paſt twelve o' Clock*; and our Friends at the Angel-Inn were juſt retiring to their ſeparate Apartments, when the Waiter brought in a Letter, directed for Mr. *Crab*, junior;

junior, which, he ſaid, came from Mr. *Smith*, of *Brazen-Noſe* College. Young Mr. *Crab* took the Letter, and being informed it required no Anſwer, put it in his Pocket unopened; but the Colour of his Countenance ſhewed plainly that he gueſs'd, from the high Words which had paſſed between them a few Hours before, what might be the Contents of the Letter. This did not eſcape the Notice of the Captain, who, like old *Mentor*, ever watchful over his beloved *Telemachus*, inſiſted upon having the Letter read. Mr. *Chriſtpoher* excuſed himſelf as handſomely as he could, for a long Time, but being hard preſſed on all Sides, he was at laſt, tho' very unwillingly obliged to comply with their Requeſt.

And

And now, Reader, if thou art poſſeſſed of the leaſt Spark of true Honour, and haſt ever been in the like Circumſtance, (not otherwiſe) thou may'ſt poſſibly picture to thyſelf the anxious Feelings that paſs'd in young Mr *Crab*'s Mind from the Moment he received the Letter to the Time of his opening it. He had no Doubt but it was a Challenge: And he was as certain that the Fears of a fond Mother would be alone ſufficient to prevent his acquitting himſelf upon that Occaſion like a Gentleman: And that his ſudden Departure from *Oxford* under the Protection of his Friends, would be conſtru'd by the World into a precipitate Flight, and downright Cowardice.

In this humiliating Situation was Mr. *Chriſtopher Crab*, when he drew reluc-

tantly Mr. *Smith*'s Letter from his Pocket, and read as follows.

'My dear *Kit*,

'Suffer me ſtill to addreſs you in this 'affectionate Manner, notwithſtanding 'the Converſation that paſs'd between 'us this Afternoon. I am more than 'aſhamed, I am half diſtracted when 'I think of it; tho' I have Reaſon to 'rejoice that it happen'd, ſince it has 'led me into the Way of Truth. Your 'Arguments convinc'd me when you 'delivered them; but my Pride would 'not let me own it. What Monſters 'it makes us! I write this from my 'Bed, where I cannot cloſe my Eyes 'till I have fully acknowledged my 'ſincere Converſion. I know your 'Heart too well to doubt your being 'pleas'd with this Confeſſion; and I hope

'hope both you and the good old Cap-
'tain, whoſe Reproaches ſtung me to
'the quick, have Charity enough to
'forgive the Impertinence (not to call
'it by a worſe Name) of my Behavi-
'our. I am unhappy in the Thoughts
'of your leaving us to-morrow--perhaps
'we may never meet again—if we
'ſhould, I promiſe never to contradict
'you more, unleſs you ſhould be ſo
'provoking as to deny me the Privi-
'lege of calling myſelf your affecti-
'onate Friend,

Richard Smith.'

The reading of this Letter brought Tears into the Eyes of young Mr *Crab*, and the Captain declared he felt more Joy in being concerned in the Conqueſt over Mr. *Smith*'s Prejudices, than he ever did at being victorious at the Head of his own Company.

Mr. *Crab* gave no Attention to the Letter. His Thoughts were wholly taken up with calculating the Difference of the Expence between going directly to *North Wales*, and making *London* in their Way down: But he did not take into his Account Mrs. *Crab*'s Inventory of Silks, Ribbons, Headdreſſes, *&c. &c.* which ſhe was at that Inſtant meditating the Purchaſe of, to make a Figure in the Country.

The next Morning they all ſet off in high Spirits, and arrived the ſame Evening at the Blue Boar in *Holborn*.

CHAP. VI.

The Neceſſity for leaving Novel-Writers unconfin'd by dramatick Rules—Mr. Crab *makes a bad beginning in* London—*The Expreſſion of the Paſſions, by the Eyes, controverted.*

HOW fortunate it is for us Hiſtorians, or, to take it a Peg lower, for us Life-writers, that no modern *Ariſtotle* has ſtept forth, and laid down Rules for the Conduct of Hiſtory, like the Unities of Action, Time, and Place, preſcribed by the Ancients to all dramatic Writers. [I hug myſelf when I think of it:] for here have I employed ten Chapters in bringing

Mr. *Crab*'s Family from *North Wales* to *Oxford*, which is but three Days Journey; and immediately afterwards I whiſk them up from thence to *London* in about two Lines and an half. Indeed I might ſay, in Vindication of myſelf, that nothing material occurr'd between *Oxford* and *London*: But this would not have excuſed me. A true Critick would have inſiſted upon it, that I had violated the Unities in a moſt ſhameful Manner, by not allotting Buſineſs to the laſt Day, in Proportion to the three preceeding ones. I ſay, if his Godſhip *Apollo*, with the Advice of his Privy Council, had taken it into his Head to publiſh a Proclamation, ordering and commanding all his Subjects of *Parnaſſus* ſtrictly to conform to the ſaid Unities, we ſhould have been in the ſame Situation with

thoſe Merchants who trade in a Commodity on which a Duty is laid equal to a Prohibition. This muſt neceſſarily bring on a general Bankruptcy among the Wits, and not one in twenty of them would be able to obtain his Certificate. But, as there is no legal Reſtriction of this kind, we are left at Liberty to make what Uſe we pleaſe of our Materials. So I ſhall e'en jog on my own Way, as long as I do not offend againſt the *Magna Charta* of *Parnaſſus*.

When the Family were ſhewn into a Room at the Blue Boar, the firſt Thing Mr. *Crab* did, was, to call for a Mug of Ale to waſh the Duſt out of his Throat; and the Waiter preſently uſher'd in a Pot of Porter froth'd three Inches above the Brim. Ay, ſays Mr.

Crab, this looks ſomething like. Then eagerly ſeizing it by the Handle, he puts it to his Mouth, as if he meant to drink it up at a Draught: But before he had taken two Gulps, he ſet it down, and with a diſtorted Countenance cry'd, Zounds! this is Certainly the ſame ſort of Stuff that *Trundle* uſed to give me to create an Appetite. I hope it is not Poiſon. No, no, ſays the Captain (laughing) they ſay it is very wholeſome. So it ought, ſays Mr. *Crab*, for I'm ſure its plaguy naſty; however, I'll have ſome Brandy and Water, to take the Taſte out of my Mouth. Which he accordingly had.

The next Thing to be conſidered, was, what Stay they ſhould make in Town, and how they ſhould employ their Time to the moſt Advantage.

To

To ſettle theſe Matters, a Council was called, and Mr. *Crab* as Preſident ſpoke firſt. I think, ſays he, three Days will be long enough in all Conſcience, to anſwer all our Purpoſes. We can ſee the Tower one Morning, the Wax-work another, and *Weſtminſter*-Abbey the third: and in the three Evenings we can go to the Play, *Vaux-Hall*, and *Sadler's-Wells*; and that's all that's worth ſeeing. Indeed, my Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, you have allowed us but a very ſcanty Pattern. You ſhould recollect that I was brought up in *London*, and conſequently have many Friends here whom I muſt viſit before I leave Town: But if you are determined to be gone ſo ſoon, I inſiſt upon having the Coach every Day till Dinner, to pay Viſits in, while you go to ſee thoſe vulgar Sights, the Tower,

Wax-

work, and *Weſtminſter*-Abbey. I'm afraid, Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, you'll be diſappointed about the Playhouſes, for they don't act at this Time of the Year. The Devil they don't, ſays Mr. *Crab!* if I had known that before, I would not have come: I ſet my Heart upon ſeeing *Garrick*. Ay! ays the Captain, it's a Pity; that Actor is worth going fifty Miles to ſee. What an Eye he has! What do you Mean, Captain? ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, he has very good Eyes, to be ſure; but do you think he makes any other uſe of them beſides ſeeing? Certainly, anſwered the Captain, the Eye is the Index of the Soul, and expreſſes every Paſſion of the Mind. I know, replied Mr. *Chriſtopher*, it has been deem'd ſo, even by many Writers of good Repute; but I believe, upon an accurate

curate Examination, it will not be found to poſſeſs the Powers which have been attributed to it. The Eye may be directed ſideways, downwards, upwards, or ſtrait forwards. But the Pupil is incapable of any other Alteration than that of dilating and contracting, which is always in an adequate Proportion to the Diſtance of the Object beheld. The Eyes are the mere Vehicles of thoſe involuntary Tears produced by the united Force of the Muſcles. In the Exhibition of Joy, Rage, Terror, and Deſpair, the Eyes are totally unconcerned, and the ſame Thing may be aſſerted of all the other Paſſions. If it is inſiſted on that Tears are an evident Sign of Grief, I ſay, not without they are accompanied by a ſorrowful Countenance; for Onions, Muſtard, Horſe-reddiſh, &c.

will

will frequently force that Fluid from the Eyes, when the Face is moſt riſibly diſpoſed. Beſides, it is obſervable that Grief ſhews the ſtrongeſt in thoſe Countenances, where Tears never make their Appearance. Believe me, Sir, it is the mutual Exertion of all the Muſcles, not only of the Face but of the whole Body, which, obeying inſtantly the Dictates of the Mind, faithfully repreſent all our Paſſions.

In Truth, Friend *Kit*, ſays the Captain, there ſeems to be ſo much Reaſon in your Diſcuſſion of this Matter, that I have nothing to object to it. But for all that, I have been ſo long in the Habit of thinking otherwiſe, that I cannot immediately bring myſelf to ſubſcribe to it. Nor would I adviſe you to hazard this Opinion

pinion abroad, unleſs you can be content with the Character of a conceited, coxcomical young Fellow.

CHAP. VII.

The Family diſperſed different Ways, in Purſuit of different Amuſements—The Captain in Danger of loſing his Man Cork—*The Arrival of* James Maccloud, *who deſcribes the Excellencies of his Wife, both as an Actor and Actreſs.*

THE next Morning Mr. *Crab* ſet off in a Hackney-Coach for the *Tower*. And Mrs. *Crab*, in her own Coach, went to ranſack every Shop in *Taviſtock-Street*.

The

The Captain and Mr. *Chriſtopher* made the beſt of their Way to *Somerſet*-Stairs; where they took a Pair of Oars, and the Captain bad them row up the River, without mentioning where they were going to: Tho' it was pretty plain, from what followed, that he had determined, before he left the Blue Boar, to viſit that happy Retreat for worn-out Warriors, where veteran Chiefs fight their Battles over again, and with the End of their Fore-finger, moiſtened in the ſpilt Porter, deſcribe the preciſe Situation of two Armies—Throw up Intrenchments—Cannonade in Flank, and point out exactly where the Engagement was hotteſt. I ſay, the Captain intended to go to *Chelſea-Hoſpital*. For he had ſcarcely got thro' the Centre-Arch of *Weſtminſter-Bridge* (under which he ſung

ſung Part of *Britons ſtrike Home*, for the ſake of the Eccho) before he ſaid to Mr. *Chriſtopher*, it's a charming Day; ſuppoſe we take a Walk in the Hoſpital-Garden at *Chelſea*. With all my Heart, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, for I think it is a noble Endowment, tho' I fear, like other Foundations, the original Intention is not always ſtrictly adher'd to. But be that as it will, whenever I paſs that Way, and ſee thoſe old Fellows ſunning themſelves upon a Bench, with Health and Content in their Countenances, I feel a Glow of Animation about me; and I ſay to myſelf, that one-arm'd Man ſtill carries Bravery and Reſolution in his Looks; I warrant he would have been another *Scipio* or *Hannibal*, if he had met with the ſame Encouragement and Oppurtunities. Ay, ay, anſwer'd

the

the Captain (putting his Mouth to Mr. *Chriſtopher*'s Ear, leſt the Watermen ſhould hear him) *There are more real Generals in every Army than the Commanders in Chief are aware of.*

When they got to the Hoſpital, the Captain, upon enquiring after two intimate Friends, had the Mortification to hear they were both dead. Yes, ſays the Captain, this convinces me that there are *Trundles* in all Parts of the World, otherwiſe this could not have happened; for they were both ſtrong healthy Men, and neither of them above ſixty-ſeven. The Captain, however, found many of his Acquaintance among the private Men, who all ſhewed him great Reſpect, and gave him their Benedictions, with which the Captain was as well pleaſed

as

as if they had been beſtowed by a Conclave of Cardinals.

Mr. *Chriſtopher* ſhewing, by a Hint to the Captain, that he was deſirous of hearing one of theſe old Firelocks hold forth, the Captain gave the Word of Command, and the Engagement began forthwith.

The Hiſtorian was a fine Piece of Ruins. He had but one Eye and one Hand, the latter having been cut off by a broad Sword at the Battle of *Culloden*, where he had the Rank of Serjeant in *Barrell*'s Regiment.

It was natural to expect he would have made Choice of that Action for the Subject of his Story; but he pitch'd upon the Battle of *Blenheim* as the

more glorious: And tho' he was at that Time an Apprentice to a Shoemaker in *Leather-Lane*, he laid about him pretty handsomely in this Engagement. He killed three French Men with his own Hands at the Onset, and he had the Honour at the End of the Day, to be taken Prisoner by a Troop of the black Musketeers.

When the Battle was over, the Captain and Mr. *Christopher* rewarded the Hero for his valorous Deeds, and then marched off.

Well, says the Captain, how do you like this? Upon my Word, says Mr. *Christopher*, I have not been better entertained a long while. For notwithstanding this Man may not have told us a Syllable of Truth, yet

as it hurts no Body, it is very excuſeable: And if he thinks his Story is credited, it pleaſes his Vanity by making him of ſome Importance; which is a comfortable Cordial to old Age, in indigent Circumſtances.

I agree with you, ſays the Captain, that lying, provided it be confined to his own perſonal Bravery, is not very criminal in a private Soldier; but in an Officer, every Species of it is truly contemptible.

Juſt as the Captain and Mr. *Chriſtopher* arrived at the Blue-Boar, Mr. *Crab* was getting out of an Hackney Coach. Well, ſays the Captain, I hope you were pleaſed with the fine Things you have ſeen at the *Tower*. Yes, yes, ſays Mr. *Crab*, a little ſur-

lily, but I'm not well pleaſed with ſomething that I have ſeen ſince. Pray, Sir, what might that be? ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*. Why, you muſt know there was a Son of a Whore of a Carman— rot the Fellow; I don't believe all the Cloaths he had upon his Back were worth a Crown, and yet he had the Impudence to ſtop up the Way, and would not let us come by. Says I to the Man, Friend, draw your Cart a little on one Side, and let us paſs. Hey, ſays the Fellow, you are in a Hurry, I warrant you— who the Devil are you? Why, ſays I, I am *John Crab*, Eſq; of *North Wales*; and I expect to be a Juſtice of the Peace when I get into the Country again. I thought this would have frightened the Dog; but what do you think his Anſwer was? Truly, ſays the Captain,

tain, I can't gueſs. Why, ſays he, if you be *John Crab*, Eſq; of *North Wales*, and expect to be a Juſtice of the Peace, for all you look ſo ſour, I'll take a Chew of Tobacco. And ſo he did, without minding me any more than if I had not been worth a Groat. But what was more provoking than all the reſt, when I expected the Coachman would have reprimanded the Fellow for behaving ſo ill to his Betters, he burſt out a laughing, and ſo did ſeveral well dreſſed People. Between you and I, zounds! if this be your *London* Breeding, God ſend us ſafe and ſoon in the Country.

Rudeneſs, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, and even Barbariſm to a certain Degree, are the conſtant Concomitants of national Freedom amongſt the common

People: And tho' it were to be wiſh'd it was otherwiſe, one would not chuſe to purchaſe public Civility at the Expence of public Liberty. No, no, ſays the Captain, that would be, to reduce an Engliſhman to the Level of a Frenchman or a Spaniard: If you take away his Liberty, his conſtitutional Spirit goes along with it. By this Time Mrs. *Crab* returned from *Taviſtock-Street*, &c. And Mr. *Crab*, looking thro' the Window, cried Zounds! here's my Wife come back with a Coach full of Wig-boxes; what the Plague can they be for? there's enough to furniſh a Barber's Shop. Wig-boxes! ſays the Captain, as he peep'd over Mr. *Crab*'s Shoulder, O, I ſee, ha! ha! ha! they are Ban-boxes, and all well filled, I'll anſwer for them, with Ribbons, Tippets, Muffs, and Head-

Head-Dreſſes. The Devil they are, ſays Mr. *Crab*. Nay, if you doubt it, ſays the Captain, Mrs. *Crab* will explain it to you preſently.

Mrs. *Crab* entered— threw herſelf into an Arm Chair, and declared ſhe was quite tir'd to Death. My Dear, ſays ſhe, I have almoſt ruin'd myſelf; but I have bought ſome of the ſweeteſt Things—you ſhall ſee (opening the Boxes) there's a beautiful Tippet—the Woman of the Shop proteſted that ſhe ſold the Fellow to it laſt Week to Lady *G*———. 'Sblood, Madam, ſays Mr. *Crab*, what's that to me? beſides, if I remember right, that Lady *G*——— is the Brimſtone that went off with the Duke of *C*———. I hope, Madam, you don't intend to follow her Example? In nothing, my

Dear, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, but her Dreſs, which every Body allows to be elegant. Pox take it, ſays Mr. *Crab*, ſoftly to himſelf, what a Blockhead was I to come to this damn'd Town!

The Altercation between Mr. and Mrs. *Crab* would probably have continued for ſome Time, if it had not been interrupted by the Captain's Enquiries after his Man *Cork*, who could not be found, high nor low. The Captain grew very uneaſy at it, inſomuch that he could ſcarcely eat his Dinner. At length Home he came, and with him *James Maccloud*, whom we hope the Reader has not forgot.

The Abſence of *Cork*, and the unexpected Appearance of *James Maccloud*, was owing to the following Circumſtance.

When

When *Cork* found himſelf left alone at the Inn, he took it into his Head to go and ſee *Weſtminſter*-Abbey, and the Oſtler gave him the plaineſt Direction he could to find his Way thither. But coming to *Charing-Croſs*, he unfortunately pitched upon a tall well-looking Man, to get a further Direction. This Perſon was poſted at an Ale-houſe Door, and had the Honour to be a recruiting Serjeant. He accoſted *Cork* very civily, and told him he was himſelf going to *Weſtminſter*, and would ſhew him the Way, if he would only ſtep into the Houſe and help him to finiſh a Bowl of Punch, which he had left upon the Table. *Cork*, accepting his Invitation, went in with him, where they found three or four more *honourable* Gentlemen of the ſame Profeſſion, who all ſaluted him very courteouſly.

courteouſly. They put the Glaſs about very briſkly; and each in his Turn, took Occaſion to commend his Perſon and manly Abilities, ſaying to one another, loud enough for him to hear, what a figure this young Gentleman would make at the Head of a Grenadier Company. But *Cork* knew enough of a military Life, not to be flattered into the Service, tho' he really was not aware of their Intentions, 'till he told the Serjeant, who had offered to ſhew him the Way, that he muſt be going; and then he found that he was not at Liberty to depart without their Leave. Juſt at this critical Period, when *Cork* began to perceive that he was little better than a Priſoner, and was conſidering in what Manner he ſhould endeavour to make his Eſcape, in came *James Maccloud*.

It ſeems that *James*, at the Age of Eighteen, had been inliſted, or rather kidnapped at this very Shop; and as it is common for thoſe who have been in Jail, to viſit the Place of their Captivity after they are diſcharged from it, ſo *James* never came to *London* without calling in at this Houſe, to ſee whether the ſame Trade ſtill went on.

The Moment he enter'd the Room, he recollected *Cork* to be the Servant of his good Friend Captain *Gorget*, whom he had ſo lately ſeen at *Newport*, and immediately perceived the Predicament he was in. *Cork* did not recognize *James* in the plain Dreſs he had then on; for when he ſaw him at *Newport*, he was diſguiſed like a Gentleman, to act the Part of *Edgar* in the

the Play of King *Lear*. But as ſoon as *James* made himſelf known to him, he was ready to jump out of his Skin for Joy. Come Gentlemen, ſays *James* to the Serjeant and his Comrades, I ſee you have your Eye upon this young Man, but he is not for your Purpoſe; I can aſſure you he is a Soldier already, and tho' he wears a Livery, and is Captain *Gorget*'s Servant, he does Duty every Field Day. When the Serjeant heard this, he declared he had no Deſign upon the young Man, but to ſhew him the Way to *Weſtminſter*. Are you ſure, ſays *James*, it was not to the *Savoy?* No, upon my Honour, replied the Serjeant.

Cork now finding himſelf no longer under any Reſtraint, threw down, (as *James* adviſed him) half a Crown upon the

the Table, and came away with his Deliverer, to the Blue-Boar in *Holborn*.

After the Account of *Cork*'s Eſcape, which was told partly by *James Maccloud* and partly by himſelf, Mr. *Crab*, fetch'd a Sigh, and cried, Zounds! what a dangerous Place this *London* is. I wiſh we were well out on't.

Well, ſays the Captain, but pray *James* how came you to leave *Newport* ſo ſoon? God bleſs your Honour, ſays *James*, we were quite knock'd up when my Wife was brought to Bed— We could not go on, for there is not a Play in our whole Stock, but what ſhe acts one or two Parts in. It's thought ſhe does *Sir John Brute* as well as any Man in *England*, be the other who he will. Sir *John Brute!* ſays the

the Captain, (with ſeeming Surprize) Yes, Sir, ſays *James*, (rubbing his Forehead) it would do your Heart good to ſee her lay about her, with the Watchman's Staff, in the drunken Scene—Indeed her Father was a Prize-Fighter, and he taught her the Quarter-Staff, which you know, Sir, muſt be a great Advantage to an Actreſs. True, *James*, ſays the Captain, but does your Wife always play in Breeches? O! no, Sir, ſays *James*, ſhe can turn her Hand to any Thing—Sometimes ſhe does Lady *Townly*, and ſometimes *John Moody*, according as ſhe is wanted—But I think ſhe is beſt in Mens Characters, for ſhe has a rare ſtrong Voice, and ſomewhat hard favoured—We reckon her Excellent in *Bajazet*, *Brutus*, and *Alexander* the Great—But her Top Part is *Othello*,

Moor

Moor of *Venus*. I find, *James*, ſays the Captain, (laughing) thy Spouſe is more like *Mars* than *Venus*. But what doſt thou intend doing here in Town? Why, Sir, ſays *James*, I ſhall offer myſelf to-morrow Morning to Mr. *Foote*, for I plaid *Jerry Sneak* and Doctor *Laſt* at *Liverpool*, with great Applauſe; and I am in Hopes my Wife will be well enough to come up in the *Cheſter* Waggon the Week after next. Very well, *James*, ſays the Captain, I wiſh thee Succeſs with all my Heart, and in the mean Time, here's Something (giving him Money) for the Part thou plaid at *Charing-Croſs*.

Here *James* made his Bow and his *Exit*; and the Company agreed upon what will be found in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Family go to Vaux-Hall— *Mr.* Crab *out of Humour with the Cuſtoms of that Place, and Mrs.* Crab *out of Patience with her Huſband's Behaviour—They leave* London *the next Morning, which concludes the firſt Volume.*

THE Party agreed to go to Vaux-Hall; and as Mrs. *Crab* affected to be afraid of the Water, becauſe ſhe wanted to appear in her Equipage, they went in their Coach.

The Evening proved warm, and the Gardens were very full; which made Mr.

Mr. *Chriſtopher* ſecure a Box as ſoon as they came in. They took a Turn or two in the Walks, and then ſat down to the uſual Repaſt of the Place, Chickens, Ham, Beef, *&c.* I wonder, ſays Mr. *Crab*, what they charge for this Beef. A Shilling, anſwered Mr. *Chriſtopher*. A Shilling, ſays Mr. *Crab*, it's impoſſible. Harkee, you Fellow (calling to the Waiter) what does this Beef come to? A Shilling, Sir, ſays the Waiter. You lie, Sirrah, ſays Mr. *Crab*, go and aſk your Maſter; what do you think becauſe I'm a Country Gentleman, that I don't know how the *London* Markets go better than all that comes to? Why you Dog, that's after the Rate of five Shillings a Pound. We can't help it, Sir, ſays the Waiter. No, Friend, ſays Mrs. *Crab*, don't mind him; for

ſhame, Mr. *Crab*, as I am a Gentlewoman, your Behaviour aſtoniſhes me. Why, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, you ſhould conſider, Sir, the Expence the Proprietor is at, in keeping the Gardens in Order, beſides the nightly Charge for Lights and Muſic. Muſic! ſays Mr. *Crab*, why Fidlers are cheap enough: In the Country we never give one of thoſe Fellows more than a Shilling and a Mug of Ale, for playing Country Dances a whole Night; and as for Singers, there's *Will Price* of our Town ſings better and louder than any of theſe ſqueaking Creatures, and I'm ſure he'd be glad to come for ſeven Shillings a' Week and his Victuals. Ay, ay, Friend *Crab*, ſays the Captain, I ſee you underſtand theſe Things; if you had the Management of this Place, we ſhould not pay half

ſo

ſo much for our Beef. That you ſhould not, ſays Mr. *Crab*. Harkee Friend (calling the Waiter to him, and then whiſpering him) if you'll bring me a Paper of good Tobacco, and a nice ſtrait Pipe, I'll make it up with you, do you hear? Yes, Sir, ſays the Waiter I hear you; but ſmoking is not allow'd here. Smoking is not allow'd! ſays Mr. *Crab*, (raiſing his Voice) here's a pretty Son of a Whore for you. I believe this is the firſt Time that a Man has been refuſed a Pipe of Tobacco in a Public Houſe. Yes, Sir, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*, but you'll pleaſe to obſerve that the Plan of this Place is very different from that of a Tavern or an Alehouſe, where every Company have a ſeparate Room, which they may uſe as they think proper. Here the Gardens being laid

out into open Boxes, if the ſmoking of Tobacco were permited, the Fumes of it would be communicated to Numbers of People, who have a great Diſlike to the Smell of it. They muſt be damn'd ſqueamiſh People, ſays Mr. *Crab*, that can be offended with a Pipe of good Tobacco: But why does not the Man of the Houſe write over his Door *No Smoking here?* and then one ſhould not be diſappointed; however, I'm determin'd to ſmoke one Pipe at our Inn before I ſleep, ſo let us pay our Reckoning and be gone.

Mr. *Crab*'s Motion was carried, *Nem. Con.* and he marched out of the Gardens, grumbling all the Way he went, while Mrs. *Crab* was remonſtrating to the Captain and Mr. *Chriſtopher* againſt Mr. *Crab*'s prepoſterous Behaviour,

Behaviour, vowing that ſhe would never be ſeen with him in a public Place again: And that ſhe might keep her Word, ſhe told them ſhe was reſolved to leave *London* the next Morning, rather than run the Riſque of being put out of Countenance before Strangers.

From the Time they got into the Coach, till they got to the firſt Turnpike, not a Word was ſpoken by any one; but Mr. *Crab* then broke ſilence, by ſaying, that curſed Beef ſticks in my Stomach damnably. Why, Friend *Crab*, ſays the Captain, where would you have it ſtick? if it had ſtuck in your Throat it might have choak'd you, but it will do no Harm in the Stomach, if you can but digeſt it. To perform Digeſtion well, ſays Mr. *Chriſtopher*,

Chriſtopher (who had been attending Anatomical Lectures juſt before they left *Oxford)* it is neceſſary that all ſolid Viands do undergo a proper Maſtication before it be received into the Stomach, where, aſſimilating with a certain Proportion of Acidity, it is grounded by the undulating Motion of the Ventricle into Chyle, the finer Part of which is convey'd by the Lacteal Veſſels into the Blood, and the groſſer Part paſſing by the lower Orifice of the Stomach to the Inteſtines, is from thence protruded by the Periſtaltic Motion to the *Inteſtinum rectum*, and——Hey day! ſays Mr. *Crab*, Son *Kit*, what the Devil are you talking of? why I don't underſtand a Word you have been ſaying.

I beg the Company's Pardon, ſays Mr.

Mr. *Chriſtopher*, for being ſo pedantic in my Deſcription— I was drawn into it imperceptibly by the Captain's mentioning Digeſtion, without conſidering where I was, or to whom I addreſſed my Diſcourſe. I believe ſo, ſays Mr. *Crab*, for, to tell you the Truth, I began to think you were a little crazy.

When they got to the Blue Boar, Mrs. *Crab* expreſſed a Deſire of quiting *London* the next Day, which Mr. *Crab* very willingly complied with, and they ſet out early in the Morning, for the *Rock* in *North Wales*, where the Reader, if he pleaſes, may find them in the Second Volume of this Hiſtory.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.